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"In a moment Colbert sprung upon the robber's steed, and clapping spurs to him, was out of sight before the thief had time to recover himself."

Page 153.

[illegible]ISM OF [illegible]

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BY

WILLIAM MART[illegible]

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LONDON
PAT[illegible]N AND [illegible] HOLBORN
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HEROISM OF BOYHOOD;

OR,

WHAT BOYS HAVE DONE.

BY

WILLIAM MARTIN,

EDITOR OF "PETER PARLEY'S ANNUAL," ETC. ETC.

WITH EIGHT FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS.

"The child is the father of the man."—WORDSWORTH.

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PREFACE.

THE following pages are intended to depict the HEROISM OF BOYHOOD, and especially to exhibit the heroism of moral worth. In former times, a man, to be a hero, was expected to slay his thousands, to found empires, and to subjugate nations. But now, better taught by the experience of the past, we understand that true heroism may consist in performing our duty in that state of life unto which it may please God to call us. There is a heroism in refraining from evil, in speaking the truth, in the exercise of humanity, in devoting ourselves to some difficult task for the sake of others, and in the vindication of principle. The great and good of all countries and in all ages afford instances of this in their early days; and in

selecting a few of these from authentic sources, I feel confident in performing a service to the Boys of England, and even to England herself; as the greatness of a nation does not consist so much in armies, in fleets, in extended conquests, or unbounded wealth, as in the exercise of the high virtue of our nature, in deeds of love, gentleness, honour, honesty, and truth.

PETER PARLEY.

Christmas, 1864.

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THE

HEROISM OF BOYHOOD

Story of David, the Son of Jesse.

DAVID, the son of Jesse, was a shepherd boy, and kept sheep in the wilderness. No doubt the life of a shepherd is favourable to thought and to contemplation; and David, while watching his flocks by night, often cast his eyes upward to the glory of the stars, and thought of the great God who made them and the universe, and all that is therein. No doubt but this gentle shepherd boy often poured out his soul in prayer and praise to his Creator, and thought upon the way in which he might best serve him and glorify his name.

The Almighty was not unmindful of the poor shepherd boy, who was anxious only to please God, while a great and powerful King disobeyed his will and transgressed his laws. God, therefore, determined to choose him to govern his people, the Jews, and he sent his Prophet Samuel to Jesse,

saying, "Fill thine horn with oil, and go, for I have provided me a King among his sons." And Samuel went, and he came to the house of Jesse, and commanded all his sons to pass before him.

Jesse had seven sons at home, and when they were come before the Prophet, he looked on each of them, but the Spirit of the Lord did not satisfy Samuel that any of the sons present were the chosen of the Lord. And the Lord said unto Samuel, "Look not on his countenance, or on the height of his stature, for the Lord seeth not as man seeth, for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart." None of these were, therefore, chosen of the Lord.

And Samuel said unto Jesse—"Are here all thy children?" and he said—"There remaineth yet the youngest, and behold he keepeth the sheep." And Samuel ordered him to be brought in. Now, he was ruddy, and of a beautiful countenance, and goodly to look to. And the Lord said, "Arise, and anoint him, for this is he." And Samuel took the horn of oil, and anointed him in the midst of his brethren.

David being thus chosen of the Lord, and having his Spirit upon him, came down to the place where the armies of Israel and the Philistines were encamped. The army of the Philistines was on a mountain on one side, and that of the Israelites

on a mountain on the other side, and there was a valley between them.

Now, the Philistines had a mighty giant, named Goliath, who was nearly eleven feet high. He was armed at every point; had a coat of mail on his body, greaves of brass upon his legs, a target of brass between his shoulders, a brazen helmet, and a strong and mighty spear.

And he stood and cried unto the armies of Israel —"Choose ye a man to match with me, and let us decide the battle;" and he vaunted and defied the army of the Israelites, and sorely discomfited them. And he presented himself before the army for forty days.

At this time David was in the wilderness keeping his father's sheep, as at other times. But being ordered by his father to take provisions to his brothers, who were soldiers in the army of Israel, he came down to the battle-field just as the armies were about to fight, and shouting for the battle.

And David came to his brethren, and saluted them. While he was talking with them the Philistine champion Goliath came forth and defied the armies of Israel, as he had done aforetime. And when he heard him, David expressed to those about him his willingness to undertake the combat with this mighty giant; but his brothers upbraided him, and accused him of pride and vanity. There

were, however, many in the army that admired his boldness, and who believed that the Spirit of God was upon David; and they brought him to Saul the King.

When David came before Saul, he expressed his willingness to fight the giant. But Saul said—"Thou art not able to go against this Philistine to fight with him, for thou art but a youth, and he is a man of war from his youth."

But David said to Saul—"Thy servant kept his father's sheep, and there came a lion, and a bear, and took a lamb out of the flock; and I went out after him, and smote him, and delivered it out of his mouth; and when he arose against me, I caught him by the beard, and smote him, and slew him. Thy servant slew both the lion and the bear, and this uncircumcised Philistine shall be as one of them, seeing he hath defied the armies of the living God. The Lord that delivered me out of the paw of the lion, and out of the paw of the bear, shall deliver me out of the hand of this Philistine." And Saul said unto David, "Go, and the Lord be with thee."

And Saul armed David with his armour, and put a helmet of brass upon his head, and he armed him with a coat of mail; but David put them off him, and he took his staff in his hand, and chose him five smooth stones out of the brook, and put them

in his scrip or shepherd's bag. Then he took his sling in his hand, and he drew near to the Philistine.

And when the Philistine looked about and saw David, he disdained him, and he said, "Am I a dog that thou comest to me with a stone? Come to me, and I will give thy flesh to the fowls of the air, and the wild beasts of the earth." David replied, "Thou comest to me with a sword, and with a spear, and with a shield, but I come to thee in the name of the Lord of hosts."

And it came to pass that when Goliath came towards David, thinking soon to destroy his insignificant adversary, that the son of Jesse hastened forward to meet him. David then put his hand into his bag and took from it a stone, which he put into his sling. And he slung the stone forward with all his strength, and smote the Philistine in the forehead, so that he fell with his face to the earth. So David prevailed over the enemy of his people with a sling and a stone. And he ran toward the Philistine and put his foot upon his neck. But as he had no sword of his own, he drew the giant's weapon from its scabbard, and slew him and cut off his head. And when the Philistines saw their champion was dead, they fled in dismay.

But the Israelites pursued them, and obtained

a great victory over them. Then David took the head of Goliath, and brought it to Saul at Jerusalem. And the King was greatly surprised that this stripling had been able to overcome the giant Goliath, and asked whence he came and who he was. And then when Saul learned that he was the son of Jesse, the Bethlehemite, he took him into his favour, and bade him stay in the royal palace, and go no more home to the house of his father.

My young friends will find the further history of David in that best of all books, the Bible, and will learn how he became King of Israel, and what he did, and what he wrote, and how he sometimes fell into grievous sin; for the best of us are very imperfect and full of evil. From the history of David they will learn much, but they can never forget the shepherd boy who was enabled to display the true heroism of his nature by putting his trust in God.

The Story of Cyrus.

THE BIG COAT AND THE LITTLE COAT.

THE Great Cyrus was once a little boy, like all of you. But before I tell you about Cyrus as a little boy, I must say something concerning him as a great man.

Cyrus the Great was a King of Persia, and was born about six hundred years before the Christian era. His father was of what is called an ignoble family, but his mother, Mandané, was of the Royal blood, being daughter of Astyagés, King of the Medes, who were then the most powerful nation of the East. It was a custom in those days that when a child was born who was not wanted, either to kill it outright, or to expose it in some inhospitable place, that it might die of hunger, or be devoured by wild beasts. Soon after his birth, Cyrus was thus exposed in a desert, but being found by a shepherdess, who had compassion on him, was reared by her, and educated as her own son.

When Cyrus grew up into boyhood, he seemed to show by his conduct that he had royal blood in his veins, for he became the chief or leader of all

his schoolfellows, who made him their leader or boy-king. When Cyrus grew older, he raised a body of troops, and made war upon his grandfather, the King of Persia, and dethroned him. He then subdued the eastern parts of Asia, and made war against Crœsus, King of Lydia, whom he also conquered. He afterwards invaded the kingdom of Assyria, and took the city of Babylon by diverting the channels of the Euphrates, and marching his troops through the dry bed of the river. He likewise redeemed Persia from the yoke of the Medes, and himself became king, about the year 560 before Christ. He subsequently commenced an expedition against the Scythians, and was defeated in a bloody battle, losing both his crown and his life. This event occurred 529 years before the birth of Christ. Such is a short beginning, middle, and end of Cyrus the Great, one of the most notable conquerors of ancient times.

Cyrus would have been a truly great king but for his love of war and bloodshed, for he had many noble qualities of heart, and a superior understanding. On one occasion when at school, in his capacity of boy-king, he had led his schoolfellows forth on a pomegranate expedition, in which the plantations of a poor man were invaded, and his pomegranates stolen. The depredators had got clear off with their booty, and had returned to

their school without detection; but in the morning the owner of the fruit appeared before the "Magister" or master of the school, complaining of his loss, and begging of him to make inquiries among the boys, as he strongly suspected some of them. The boys were then brought up and interrogated, but they all strongly denied having had any share in the transaction, making the most ridiculous excuses. At last Cyrus was called up, and upon being interrogated, at once said—"I did it. Let me be punished—I was the instigator and leader. I can break into an orchard, I can steal a pomegranate," said he, "but *I cannot tell a lie.* It is my deed, and I am ready to receive the punishment that is my due for being a thief. As to my companions in this affair, these I shall not name. I am answerable for them."

This noble conduct drew forth the admiration of the Magister, who exclaimed—"Such noble conduct is indeed worthy of a King, and your fellows have done well in choosing you to rule over them. That you have done wrong you yourself admit. I shall in your case spare the lash, because you fear nothing so much as telling a lie. Go, consult your companions, and make this poor man compensation for his loss, and then come to my heart, and be to me as a son."

The same master, seeing the noble qualities of

this boy-king, took great pains with him, and used to instruct him by imaginary cases: one of these was as follows:—

There were two boys, one of whom was a great, and the other a little boy. Now it happened that the little boy had a coat that was very much too big for him, and the great boy had a coat that was very much too small for him. Upon seeing his own condition, and that of his fellow, the great boy proposed to the little boy an exchange. "Your coat," said he, "is too large for you, and mine is too small for me; therefore, if we change we shall both be exactly fitted." The little boy would not consent to the proposal, and so then the great boy called him a fool, and took away his coat by force, and gave him his own little coat in exchange. The great coat now fitted the great boy, and the little coat the little boy. The little boy was, however, very dissatisfied. "And now I want you," said the Magister to Cyrus, "to tell me what ought to be done in such an affair. Ought the little boy to be satisfied with the coat that exactly fits him or not?"

"No, sir," replied Cyrus.

"And why not?" said the master.

"Because," said Cyrus, "it was not just for the great boy to take away the little boy's coat without his consent."

"You have rightly decided in this matter," replied the master. Thus Kings and Czars may be still taught by the boy Cyrus.

There is also an anecdote told of Cyrus which displays the hero even in childhood. Being engaged with his youthful companions in some merry game or romp, one of the youngest of them fell into a deep ravine, at the bottom of which ran a rapid stream. All the lads were horror-stricken at the accident, but none dared to descend the steep rugged sides of the ravine in order to save the little fellow. At length Cyrus, who was at some distance when his young friend met with his disastor, was made acquainted with the fact. He hesitated for an instant to consider the best means of reaching the lad, who was then up to his waist in water and was in great danger of being borne away by the rapidity of the current. He soon made up his mind how to act; and in another instant he was clambering down the ravine, holding on by the tufts of grass and jagged stones that jutted out from its sides. And when at length he reached his companion, he comforted and sustained him till means were obtained to rescue them both from their forlorn situation. This was true heroism, and worthy of his princely nature. Regardless of his own great danger, he hastened to the assistance of his friend; and we

may be sure that he was well repaid by the satisfaction of knowing that he had been instrumental in doing good, to say nothing of the applause he was sure to win from his companions. All his life was a series of heroisms. Isaiah the prophet mentions him by name, calling him the servant of God, and telling the Jews that this prince would be employed by the Great Master to rescue them from the hands of the Chaldeans.

The Boy King.

EDWARD THE SIXTH.

HOOKER says of this Prince, "that though he died young, he lived long, for life is action." His was quite the heroism of study, for at the age of fifteen he had learned seven different languages. In that of his own country and that of France he was perfect, as well as in the Latin—so much so, that when only seven years of age he wrote two letters in this language to his godfather, the celebrated Archbishop Cranmer. Cardan says of him as follows:—"In the conversations that I had with him he spoke Latin with as much readiness and elegance as myself." He was a pretty good logician; he understood natural philosophy and music, and played upon the lute. The good and the learned had formed the highest expectations of him from the sweetness of his disposition, and the excellence of his talents.

In the British Museum there is a book of Exercises made by the Prince, in English, Latin, and Greek, with the name of King Edward subscribed to each of them in the language in which it was

written; and Bishop Burnet has preserved in the history of the Reformation a diary of his life, which this Prince kept, and a discourse about Reformation abuses, which would have done no discredit to an old statesman.

Knox tells of the noble youth's piety and virtue; Cardan, of his remarkable learning and wit, and Hayward records how handsome was his person, how kingly his bearing; and hardly any will deny that he was a wonderful boy.

In the year 1551 a grand festival of St. George was held in the palace at Greenwich, after a religious service, attended by the young King, the Duke of Somerset, the Earl of Warwick, and all the nobility, Knights of the Order. Edward entered into his presence-chamber. "My Lords," said he, "I pray ye what Saint is this George that we so honour him?" Now these good gentlemen were not a little puzzled at this question. True, it had often been their battle-cry upon many a glorious field, but it had never occurred to them to inquire into his history, and it is told that the Marquis of Winchester replied—"To be plain, Sire, I never did read in history of St. George, but only in '*Legenda Aurea*,' where it is set down that St. George out with his sword and ran the dragon through with his spear." "And, I pray you, my Lord, what did he do with his sword the while?"

asked Edward, laughing so heartily that for some moments he could not speak.

It is related of him that just before his last illness he performed an act of unparalleled heroism. It was when he was in his thirteenth year that his sister Elizabeth, then very young, was at play near the river Thames, which abutted on the Royal Palace, and with much of the daring which was so fully displayed by that princess in after life, she leaped on a pony just brought up for Prince Edward, and attempted to ride him up and down the broad causeway before the palace. The pony being very fresh, and somewhat restive, plunged and capered, and at last jumped over the low wall which separated the river from the palace, and plunged into the river. The Prince at this moment had entered the palace terrace, and hearing the outcry, and observing his sister clinging to the mane of the pony, which was struggling in the river, immediately sprang on to the back of the horse of the groom in attendance, and plunged after her over the terrace. The stream was running fast, and his own horse was very unmanageable; but he soon reached the spot where Elizabeth was struggling. Seizing the bridle of her pony, he endeavoured to guide it towards the land, but the unruly brute struggled and plunged so that this was impracticable. The two horses floun-

dered together for some time; at last Elizabeth, exhausted, dropped from her steed, and sank in the rapid stream. In a few moments she rose again, but at a considerable distance down the river. To this place the young Prince swam his horse, but the Princess again sank. Leaping from the saddle, Edward dived after his sister, and had the satisfaction to lay hold of her in her descent. He rose to the surface, swam to his horse with one hand, clasping his sister with the other, and seizing the reins, the animal quickly drew them to the shore, where they landed in safety.

Many other stories are related of Edward which would go to prove what noble things boys can do. One of these anecdotes I cannot refrain from relating. Being in the library of the palace one day amusing himself with his young companions, he required a book which was a little out of reach, when one of them carelessly placed a large Bible on a chair to stand upon, that he might the more easily reach the volume in request. Noticing the want of reverence for the best of books, the young Prince immediately expostulated with the thoughtless youth, and took the book away with an air of the profoundest veneration; observing that the future glories of England lay around that book, as being the birthright of every free man. Cranmer, who was standing within hearing, could

"Edward entered into the presence chamber. 'My lords,' said he, 'I pray ye what saint is this George, that we so honour him?'"

Page 14.

not restrain his admiration, and advancing, clasped him in his arms with the most cordial affection. It is said that this noble act of respect for the Scriptures was never forgotten by the Archbishop.

Edward succeeded to the throne of his father, the Eighth Harry, when only nine years of age. His mother, Queen Jane Seymour, maid of honour to Anne Boleyn, died on the twelfth day after his birth, at Hampton Court Palace; and the amiable young Prince during his short life had three several stepmothers—Ann of Cleves, Catherine Howard, and Catherine Parr; though it does not appear that either of them paid him any great attention, or bestowed upon him any very warm marks of affection. He was brought up, says Sir John Hayward, who wrote a very full and interesting history of his life and reign, among nurses, until he arrived at the age of six years. He was then committed to the care of Dr., afterwards Sir Anthony, Cooke, and Mr., after Sir John, Cheke; the former of whom appears to have undertaken the Prince's instruction in philosophy and divinity; the latter, in Greek and Latin. Doubtless he was surrounded with luxuries, and princely means of enjoyment. It is told of him that when only five years old, Archbishop Cranmer, his godfather, made him a handsome present, consisting of a noble service of silver plate. The

Prince was delighted with the beautiful spoons, dishes, and plates, and his valet, to enhance his pleasure, reminded him that the gift was all his own, and that he only should use it, lest others might injure it. "My good Hinchbrook," said the Prince, "if no one but I is permitted to touch these valuables without spoiling them, how do you suppose they would ever have been given to me?" Next day Edward invited a party of friends to visit him; and the feast was served upon the plate, and at their departure Edward gave to each one of his young guests an article of the service, as a mark of his royal regard. In all his short life Edward displayed a sincere and earnest love for truth, religion and charity; so much so, indeed, that even in his lifetime he was widely known and loved as Edward the Saint.

In the spring of 1552 the boy King's health began to fail, and about the same time he was attacked by the measles and small-pox, from the effects of which his constitution never rallied. While still suffering from these diseases he conceived the idea of founding and endowing an asylum for fatherless children. Christ's Hospital was opened in November, 1552, and the blue dress worn by the boys caused it to be known as "The Blue Coat School." At or about the same time the youthful King founded St. Thomas's and

Bridewell Hospitals—Christ's Hospital for the education of poor children; St. Thomas's for the relief of the sick and diseased, and Bridewell for the correction and amendment of the idle and dissolute. These three great charities are still in active and beneficial existence. In the reign of this Prince there were also founded, either by him, or by great and good men who followed his royal example, the King's School at Sherborne, still one of our leading public schools; the Birmingham Free Grammar School, which Edward endowed with moneys arising from the suppressed monasteries and religious houses, and which endowment is now worth £8,000 a year; the Free Grammar School at Lichfield; the Tunbridge School in Kent, which was founded by Sir Andrew Judd, who obtained for it a charter from Edward in the very last year of his reign; the Grammar School at Bedford, and several other notable educational establishments.

Edward the Sixth was familiar not only with the learning and accomplishments of his time, but also with many subjects which hardly came within the education and capacity of so young a Prince; for instance, the mercantile, financial, and military systems of his own country, and those of continental nations. Had he lived, he would have been, probably, the best of England's

Kings. "He gave hopes," says Lord Oxford, "of proving a good king, as in so green an age he seemed resolved to be acquainted with his subjects and his kingdom." "If you knew," says another of his panegyrists, "the towardness of that young Prince, your hearts would melt to hear him named; the beautifullest creature that liveth under the sun; the wittiest, the most amiable, and the gentlest thing of all the world."

On the evening of the sixth of July, 1553, the King's attendants heard him speaking softly to himself. In answer to their inquiries Edward said—"I was praying to God," and then exclaimed—"Oh! I am faint. Lord have mercy on me, and receive my spirit, for thy Son Jesus Christ's sake!" and the heroic boy King Edward was no more.

The Boyhood of Oliver Cromwell.

Oliver Cromwell, notwithstanding his "usurpation of authority in England," had many rare and noble qualities. He had a strict regard for justice as well as for truth, and although severe as a ruler was humane as a man. In his boyhood he exhibited many traits of generous and noble conduct, which proved him to have the seeds of greatness within him. He was born at Huntingdon, on 25th of April, 1559. He was educated with great care by his father, Robert Cromwell, proprietor of the borough of Huntingdon, who sent him to school, and afterwards to finish his education at Cambridge University. At Sydney Sussex College, Cambridge, Oliver was famous for his excellence in all athletic exercises; so much so, indeed, as to have acquired for him the character of an idler. But he did not neglect his studies, and on the death of his father, when he was removed from college, and was placed—as it is generally believed—as a student in one of the Inns of Court, he soon exhibited signs of great self-will and no little knowledge. But even when studying the

law, it is said he wasted his time in "dissipation, good fellowship, and gaming." Even when he returned to his paternal home at Huntingdon, he is reported to have led a low and irregular course of life. But whatever may have been his youthful follies, it is certain that he abandoned them as he grew to man's estate; and that when fortune raised him into the position of Protector of England, he was not only the greatest captain of his age, but that he was devoted to religion and the patronage of learning and learned men. The immortal Milton was in his service as secretary; Andrew Marvell was at once his friend and counsellor, and from Oliver the great Archbishop Ussher received a pension.

Many strange stories are told of Cromwell's boyhood. When at his uncle's house at Hinchinbrook, in 1604, the royal family rested there on their way from Scotland. It is related that on that occasion the Prince Charles, then Duke of York, was allowed to play with him. The boys quarrelled, and Oliver beat his royal playmate, and bruised his nose so as to make it bleed profusely. This anecdote was remembered afterwards, and when Cromwell began to take a leading part in the Civil War, was related as a bad omen. That Oliver was ambitious and wished to be King there is little doubt. When at the height of his

fortune, he is said to have told his friends, that when a boy, a gigantic figure appeared to him in the night, and drawing aside the curtains of his bed, told him he was destined to become the greatest man of his age and country!

During one of the school vacations, Oliver made a visit to his father at his native town. During his stay there a severe pestilence, called the black fever, made its appearance in the neighbourhood. The character of this distemper was so fearful that it spread consternation wherever it commenced its ravages. Cromwell's father was a brewer by trade, and at the back of his business premises were several small cottages secluded in a crowded quadrangle. In one of these the foreman lived, a man of great good-humour and kindness, who had often been very obliging to Oliver in his early boyhood, sometimes saving him from the punishment which his own headstrong conduct frequently merited. The pestilence seized upon the family of this poor man. His wife was its first victim; some of the children then fell ill, and at last the poor man was himself attacked. The neighbours, panic-stricken, either left the spot or would hold no communication with the infected house. Three nurses had left in succession, the first from sickness, and the others from fright, and the family must have perished,

but for the generous conduct of the young puritan.

As soon as he heard that his old servant and friend was sick, Oliver, in defiance of the danger of infection, was at his bed-side. His father and mother both remonstrated with him, for what they called a tempting of Providence, but Oliver replied, "That not a sparrow could fall to the ground without the Lord's special permission, and that he wished to make himself worth many sparrows;" and so the youth continued not only to afford the most useful assistance to the family, but cheered it up with religious hope and consolation. At last the poor woman died, and the next night one of the children followed her. Yet constant to his post, Oliver never flinched nor faltered, but, like a ministering angel, continued his attendance upon the sick. He was for a time physician, nurse, and housewife. He prepared the meals of the sick family, partook of their fare, constrained the neighbours to cherish them, called back the fleeting and the wavering, and remained faithful himself throughout the whole of this serious visitation. Impressed by the noble, generous, and fearless conduct of this youth, the neighbours regained their courage and came to the rescue of the stricken family, the dead bodies were laid out in decency, and the funeral obsequies per-

formed, Oliver assisting at all the painful preparations. By degrees, the remainder of the family, including the father, recovered, and Oliver retired from the scene of suffering, unscathed. The pestilence passed away, but not so the heroic conduct of the young man, who had soon to perform a highly conspicuous part on the world's great stage. His heroism remains like the fragrance of some sweet flower long perished, to incite others to holy deeds of elevation and of daring; and Peter Parley truly hopes that many who read this account of Oliver Cromwell may be enabled to imitate all the brighter and purer shades of his character.

David Livingstone,

THE FACTORY BOY WHO BECAME A GREAT TRAVELLER.

It is a remarkable and encouraging fact, that the majority of the great men of modern times have made their fame rather than inherited it. They have risen from the ranks of the people, and not from the exclusive circles of wealth and aristocracy.

"Some men," says Shakspere, "are born to greatness, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them." The heroes of whom this volume treats, belong to the category of those who have achieved fame, and honour, and worldly distinction, by force of talent and indomitable perseverance. It is well, perhaps, to be born rich and noble, to look back on a long line of worthy ancestors, and to live out our lives in accordance with the traditions of name and family; but how much better is it to win nobility from obscurity, and by our own industry to found names honoured among men and cherished by our children!

Among the men who have won distinction from very small and mean beginnings, David Livingstone occupies a very high and important place.

He was the son of a poor tea-dealer, in the village of Blantyre, where he was born in the year 1817. But though his parents were very humble, there were traditions of honour and glory in his family that may possibly have fired his young ambition. His great-grandfather was a soldier, and fell at the famous battle of Culloden; and when David was yet a child, his grandfather frequently delighted him with the recital of romantic legends and national songs. Moreover, the old man was fond of talking about his family, which he could trace for six generations. The great-great-grandfather of the future African traveller seems to have been a man of more than ordinary capacity, though occupying only the social position of a poor fisherman; for on his death-bed, he called his children about him, and, instead of money, gave them a good moral precept by way of legacy. "I have searched," said he, "through all the records and traditions of the Livingstones, and I have not been able to find a trace of one dishonest man in our family. If, therefore, any one of you or your children take to dishonest ways, it will not be because dishonesty runs in our blood. Honour and integrity I inherited from my ancestors, and I leave them an unspotted legacy to you. My dying precept, children, is this—Be honest!"

When David was yet a child his father removed

to Glasgow, which city—the Liverpool of Scotland—may well be proud of the fame of the lad, who obtained his first glimpses of learning among the whirring wheels and multitudinous noises of one of the cotton factories. At ten years of age he was set to earn his own living; but instead of contenting himself by simply becoming a cotton-spinner, he prepared his mind, by reading and study, for the great work of missionary enterprise and travel which has since made him famous. He himself tells us, that in his tenth year he was sent into a cotton factory as a "piercer." His wages were only a few shillings a week, but he contrived not only to take some of his earnings home to his mother, in order that he might assist in supporting the family, but also to buy books, and so satisfy the great need of his active mind. "With a part of my first week's wages," he says, "I purchased Ruddiman's 'Rudiments of Latin,' and pursued the study of the language for many years afterwards, with unabated ardour, at an evening school, which met between the hours of eight and ten. The dictionary part of my labours was followed up till twelve o'clock or later, if my mother did not interfere by jumping up and snatching the book out of my hands. I had to be back in the factory by six in the morning, and continue my work, with intervals for breakfast and dinner, until eight

o'clock in the evening. I read in this way many of the classical authors, and knew Virgil and Horace better at sixteen than I do now. Our schoolmaster was supported in part by the company; he was attentive and kind, and so moderate in his charges that all who wished for education might obtain it."

At this evening school young Livingstone made acquaintance with the great men of the past, and their example stirred his mind to high achievements. He determined to free himself from the trammels of sordid labour, and to become at least a diligent student if not a learned man. His attention was particularly directed to medicine and botany. "In recognizing," he says, "the plants in my first medical book—that extraordinary old work on astrological medicine, 'Culpepper's Herbal'—I had the guidance of a book on the plants of Lanarkshire, by Patrick. Limited as was my time, I found opportunities to scour the whole country side, 'collecting samples.' Deep and anxious were my studies on the still deeper and more perplexing profundities of astrology, and I believe I got as far into that abyss of fantasies as my author said he dared to lead me. It seemed perilous ground to tread on farther, for the dark tint seemed to my youthful mind to loom towards 'selling soul and body to the devil,' as the

price of the unfathomable knowledge of the stars. Excursions, often in company with brothers, one now in Canada, the other a clergyman in the United States, gratified my intense love of nature; and though we generally returned so unmercifully hungry and fatigued that the embryo parson shed tears, yet we discovered so many, to us, new and interesting things, that he was always as eager to join us next time as he was the last.

"On one of these exploring tours we entered a limestone quarry—long before geology was so popular as it is now. It is impossible to describe the delight and wonder with which I began to collect the shells found in the carboniferous limestone which crops out in High Blantyre and Cambuslang. A quarryman seeing a little boy so engaged, looked with that pitying eye which the benevolent assume when viewing the insane. Addressing him with, 'How ever did these shells come into these rocks?' 'When God made the rocks, he made the shells in them,' was the damping reply. What would Hugh Miller have thought of this Scotchman?

"My reading while at work," he again says, "was carried on by placing the book on a portion of the spinning-jenny, so that I could catch sentence after sentence as I passed at my work; I thus kept up a pretty constant study, undisturbed

by the roar of the machinery. To this part of my education I owe my present power of so completely abstracting my mind from surrounding noises, as to read and write with perfect comfort amidst the play of children or the dancing and songs of savages. The toil of cotton-spinning, to which I was promoted in my nineteenth year, was excessively severe on a slim, loose-jointed lad, but it was well paid for; and it enabled me to support myself while attending medical and Greek classes in winter, also the divinity lectures of Dr. Wardlaw, by working with my hands in summer. I never received a farthing of aid from any one, and should have accomplished my project of going to China as a medical missionary, in the course of time, by my own efforts, had not some of my friends advised my joining the London Missionary Society; but it was not without a pang that I offered myself, for it was not quite agreeable to one accustomed to work his own way to become in a measure dependent on others; and I should not have been much put about though my offer had been rejected."

The great desire of his heart was near its accomplishment. He was at length to be a traveller and a missionary. He worked hard at his chosen profession, and was admitted as a licentiate of the College of Physicians. Owing, however, to the

China war, he did not proceed to the celestial land as he intended; but in 1840 he was sent out by the London Missionary Society to Africa.

It is not necessary to our purpose to follow Dr. Livingstone through his remarkable career as a man. Sufficient if we have shown what he accomplished in his youthful days. But we can hardly close our brief notice without directing the attention of our young friends, to the highly interesting work, in which the indefatigable doctor tells the story of his mission, his travels, and his discoveries, in that *terra incognita*, Central Africa. There among the rude natives he worked, as in his youth, with ardour and perseverance, carrying the good tidings of salvation to the heathen, and opening up a new and fertile country to the commerce, the civilization, and the Christianity of England and the world.

No more eloquent and appropriate estimate of the character of Dr. Livingstone has been made than that pronounced by Mr. Gladstone, Chancellor of the Exchequer, on the occasion of conferring upon the great African traveller the honorary distinction of LL.D., in the Senate House of that ancient seat of learning—Cambridge University.

"Dr. Livingstone," said the eminent orator and statesman, "is such a man as raises our idea of the age in which we live. That simplicity

inseparable from true grandeur, that breadth and force, that superiority to all worldly calls and enjoyments, that rapid and keen intelligence, that power of governing men, and that delight in governing them for their own good—he has every sign upon him of a great man, and his qualities are precisely those which commend themselves with resistless power to the young. Let us render to Dr. Livingstone the full tribute of what we feel. He is a Christian, a missionary, a great traveller; he corresponds in every particular to that great name which the admiration of all ages has consecrated—he is a hero. Our own great poet—the great poet of this age—Alfred Tennyson—in his 'Idylls of the King,' a work which has taken its place in the deathless literature of the world, has carried us back to a period of heroic manners, heroic deeds, and heroic characters; but if the power which he possesses could have gone beyond what it has effected—could have gone beyond the almost living men whom it has portrayed, and could actually have evoked them from the tomb, not one among them, though the ideal of human nature, would have failed to recognize Dr. Livingstone as a brother, and to acknowledge him as his most worthy companion."

John Kitto,

THE WORKHOUSE BOY WHO BECAME AN AUTHOR.

THE career of Dr. Kitto, author of the world-known 'Pictorial Bible,' is an evidence, if any were needed, that meanness of birth and wretchedness of social position form no real barriers to advancement; but that, on the contrary, they are powerful incentives to the honest and laudable ambition of true heroes.

John Kitto was born in Plymouth, in 1804. His mother was a laundress, and his father was a drunken slater,—and something worse; so that, in his earliest years he was acquainted with poverty and misery. Kitto's first recollections are of an old grandmother who lived in a garret, and who took him from his wretched home that he might be out of the way of his father's bad example. He was then four years old; and he lived with his aged grandmother till he was eight, going occasionally to a poor dame school, where he acquired a little reading, a little writing, and less arithmetic. But he was so

quick at learning that he was looked upon as quite a prodigy. To what he learned at school, his grandmother added a vast store of fairy tales and ghost stories, besides teaching him to work with his needle. Possibly, this story-telling faculty gave the first literary bent to the boy's mind; for, before he was eight years of age, he had mastered the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' 'Gulliver's Travels,' 'Robinson Crusoe,' and the historical books of the Old Testament. So much was he entranced with these that he decorated the rude pictures with which the books were illustrated with colours, obtained from his grandmother's "blue-bag," and a few halfpenny paints that some friends gave him. He soon became so enamoured with reading, that he eagerly perused every volume that came in his way. The *cacoethes scribendi* was very early developed, and from reading books he took to writing them. He thus describes his first effort as an author.

"My cousin came one day with a penny in his hand, declaring his intention to buy a book with it. I was just then sadly in want of a penny to make up fourpence, with which to purchase the 'History of King Pippin' (not Pepin), so I inquired whether he bought a book for the pictures or the story? 'The story, to be sure.' I then said, that, in that case, I would, for his

penny, write him both a larger and a better story than he could get in print for the same sum; and that he might be still further a gainer, I would paint him a picture at the beginning, and he knew there were no painted pictures in penny books. He expressed the satisfaction he should feel in my doing so, and sat down quietly on the stool to note my operations. When I had done, I certainly thought my cousin's penny pretty well earned; and as, at reading the paper and viewing the picture, he was of the same opinion, no one else had any right to complain of a bargain. I believe this was the first penny I ever earned. I happened to recollect this circumstance when last at Plymouth, and felt a wish to peruse this paper, if still in existence; but my poor cousin, though he remembered the circumstance, had quite forgotten both the paper and its contents, unless that it was 'something about what was done in England at the time when wild men lived in it;'—even this was further than my own recollection extended."

From writing stories he took the usual course pursued by young authors, and determined to produce a play. We do not know what sort of drama he wrote, but we have his own word for it that he did write one; and, moreover, that it was played by children—the admission to the

performance being "ladies, eight pins; gentlemen ten."

His grandmother suffering from an attack of paralysis, he was obliged to go back to his father's miserable home. Finding no comfort there, he took refuge with a barber, to whom he was apprenticed. But before he learned to "shave for a penny," a woman whom he left in charge of his master's razors, decamped with them, and allowed the suspicion of the theft to fall on the unfortunate lad. The barber would not, for a long time, believe in his apprentice's innocence, and fortunately for the after-career of the boy, insisted on cancelling his indentures.

John then returned to his father, whom he assisted in his work. But one day he had the misfortune to fall from a ladder as he was handing up slates to his father, and sustained such injuries as confined him to his bed for four months. When he partially recovered, he found he was deaf.

Kitto was unwilling to believe, or did not comprehend, the extent of the calamity that had befallen him. "I was slow in learning," he says, "that my hearing was entirely gone. The unusual stillness of all things was grateful to me in my utter exhaustion; and if, in this half-awakened state, a thought of the matter entered

my mind, I ascribed it to the unusual care and success of my friends in preserving silence around me. I saw them talking, indeed, to one another, and thought that, out of regard to my feeble condition, they spoke in whispers, because I heard them not. The truth was revealed to me in consequence of my solicitude about the book which had so much interested me on the day of my fall. It had, it seems, been reclaimed by the good old man who had lent it to me, and who doubtless concluded that I should have no more need of books in this life. He was wrong, for there has been nothing in this life which I have needed more. I asked for this book with much earnestness, and was answered by signs, which I could not comprehend. 'Why do you not speak?' I cried; 'pray let me have the book.' This seemed to create some confusion; and at length some one, more clever than the rest, hit upon the happy expedient of writing upon a slate that the book had been reclaimed by the owner, and that I could not, in my weak state, be allowed to read. 'But,' I said, in great astonishment, 'why do you write to me? why not speak? Speak! speak!" Those who stood around the bed exchanged significant looks of concern, and the writer soon displayed upon his slate the awful words, 'YOU ARE DEAF!'"

Then John Kitto felt wretched indeed; but his spirit was not entirely broken. He rose from his bed and tried various small means of obtaining a living. At one time he would wander about on the sea-shore, and pick up pieces of rope and driftwood; at another he would try his hand at rude paintings of ships, flowers, birds, and trees, which he exposed for sale in his mother's window; and again he would endeavour to earn a few pence by writing placards, &c. But all the money he earned was as nothing to his needs. Books were necessary to his life—reading his grand resource—writing the relief he sought from mental depression and bodily pain. Writing afterwards of this period of his life, he says—

"For many years I had no views towards literature beyond the instruction and solace of my own mind; and, under these views, and in the absence of other mental stimulants, the pursuit of it eventually became a passion, which devoured all others. I take no merit for the industry and application with which I pursued this object, nor for the ingenious contrivances by which I sought to shorten the hours of needful rest, that I might have the more time for making myself acquainted with the minds of other men. The reward was great and immediate, and I was only preferring the gratification which seemed to me the highest.

Nevertheless, now that I am, in fact, another being, having but slight connection, excepting in so far as 'the child is father to the man,' with my former self; now that much has become a business which was then simply a joy; and now that I am gotten old in experiences if not in years, it does somewhat move me to look back upon that poor and deaf boy, in his utter loneliness, devoting himself to objects in which none around him could sympathize, and to pursuits which none could even understand. The eagerness with which he sought books, and the devoted attention with which he read them, was simply an unaccountable fancy in their view; and the hours which he strove to gain for writing that which was destined for no other eyes than his own, was no more than an innocent folly, good for keeping him quiet and out of harm's way, but of no possible use on earth. This want of the encouragement which sympathy and appreciation give, and which cultivated friends are so anxious to bestow on the studious application of their young people, I now count among the sorest trials of that day, and it serves me now as a measure for the intensity of my devotement to such objects, that I felt so much encouragement within as not to need or care much for the sympathies and encouragements which are, in ordinary circum-

stances, held of so much importance. I undervalue them not; on the contrary, an undefinable craving was often felt for sympathy and appreciation in pursuits so dear to me; but to want this was one of the disqualifications of my condition, quite as much so as my deafness itself; and in the same degree in which I submitted to my deafness as a dispensation from Providence towards me, did I submit to this as a necessary consequence. It was, however, one of the peculiarities of my condition that I was then, as I ever have been, too much shut up. With the same dispositions and habits, without being deaf, it would have been easy to have found companions who would have understood me, and sympathized with my love for books and study, my progress in which might also have been much advanced by such intercommunication. As it was, the shyness and reserve which the deaf usually exhibit, gave increased effect to the physical disqualification, and precluded me from seeking, and kept me from incidentally finding, beyond the narrow sphere in which I moved, the sympathies which were not found in it. As time passed, my mind became filled with ideas and sentiments, and with various knowledge of things new and old, all of which were as the things of another world to those among whom my lot was cast. The conviction of this

completed my isolation; and eventually all my human interests were concentrated in these points —to get books, and, as they were mostly borrowed, tc preserve the most valuable points in their contents, either by extracts or by a distinct intention to impress them on the memory."

His grandmother was unable to contribute to his necessities; and so as he was left entirely to the mercies of his drunken father, he had no resource from starvation but the workhouse. And so, at last, he became an inmate of the Plymouth workhouse!

But there he was kindly treated, and taught various useful arts—among others that of making list shoes. While in the workhouse he regularly kept a diary, from which we make an extract or two:—

"I was to-day most wrongfully accused of cutting off the top of a cat's tail. They did not know me who thought me capable of such an act of wanton cruelty.

"June 2.—I am making my own shoes.

"June 9.—I have finished my shoes; they are tolerably strong and neat.

"Aug. 14.—I was set to close bits of leather.

"Aug. 15.—Said bits of leather that I had closed were approved of, and I was sent to close a pair of women's shoes, which were also approved of.

"Nov. 14.—A twelvemonth in the workhouse, during which time I have made seventy-eight pairs of list shoes, besides mending many others, and have received, as a premium, one penny per week.

"Nov. 20.—I burnt a tale, of which I had written several sheets, which I called 'The Probationary Trial,' but which did not, as far as I wrote, please me."

Many touching entries in the journal relate to the dear old grandmother:—

"1819.—Granny has been absent in dock these two days. Though but for so short a period, I severely feel her absence. If I feel it so acutely now, how shall I bear the final separation when she shall be gone to that 'undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns?' She cannot be expected to live many years longer, for now she is more than seventy years of age. O, Almighty Power, spare yet a few years my granny, the protector of my infancy, and the—— I cannot express my gratitude. It is useless to attempt it."

On the 18th of the following April, his dear old grandmother, Elizabeth Picken, died, and his sorrow almost overwhelmed him. But when he recovered from his grief, he returned to his old love of reading and writing, in which he was not discouraged by the workhouse authorities.

In this way the young years of his life were passed. In 1821, he was apprenticed to a shoemaker, one John Bowden, a mean, sordid man, who took every advantage of his deafness to put all manner of slights and mortifications upon him.

But at last he was released from his master's tyranny. His love of reading introduced him to many friends, among whom was Mr. Harvey, the mathematician—and Mr. Groves, a dentist. The former lent him books, and the latter taught him his trade.

In 1825, Kitto's first volume was published; and from this moment he rose in the estimation of his friends and the public. His boyhood's days were over. By the time he was twenty, he was engaged in various literary occupations. He visited London, where he was introduced to Charles Knight, by whom he was subsequently employed in writing for the 'Penny Cyclopædia.' But previous to that he was enabled to indulge one of the great wishes of his heart, and visit the East, whither he went as tutor to the sons of his patron, Mr. Groves.

In 1850, he was selected by Lord John Russell as a worthy recipent of Her Majesty's bounty; and received 100*l.* a-year from the Civil List, "on account of his useful and meritorious literary works."

But he did not long enjoy this small competency. Early application and hard work brought on a serious illness, from which he never recovered. He fell into the sleep of the just, in Germany, in November, 1854, and so ended the life of the workhouse-boy author, a man who suffered many trials, but lived to surmount them all, and make for himself a name which will live in English literature as long as that literature survives. The pauper boy became a Doctor of Divinity and a Fellow of the Society of Antiquarians!

Is there not encouragement in this? Does not the story of Kitto, the deaf author, present many points of interest for boys? Can any lad read this brief and hasty sketch without feeling that there is no condition in life so utterly mean and hopeless as not to offer chances of honour and distinction to him who is brave of spirit, enterprising, persevering, and faithful in well doing? Kitto was not a learned man, but he was what is much better,—he was a Christian. He won distinction from low estate, and has left behind him a reputation that will remain a worthy example of pursuit of knowledge under difficulties. How much better this than being born to wealth and title!

The Mysterious Artist.

SEBASTIAN GOMEZ, THE MULATTO OF MURILLO.

One beautiful summer morning, about the year 1630, several youths of Seville, in Spain, approached the dwelling of the celebrated painter Murillo, where they arrived nearly at the same time. After the usual salutations, they entered the studio or workshop of the artist. Murillo was not yet there, and each of the pupils walked up quickly to his easel to examine if the paint had dried, or perhaps to admire his work of the previous evening.

"Pray, gentlemen," exclaimed one, by name Isturitz, angrily, "which of you remained behind in the studio last night?"

"What an absurd question!" replied Cordova; "don't you recollect that we all came away together?"

"This is a foolish jest, gentlemen," answered Isturitz. "Last evening I cleaned my palette with the greatest care, and now it is as dirty as if some one had used it all night."

"Look!" exclaimed Carlos; "here is a small figure in the corner of my canvas, and it is not badly done. I should like to know who it is that amuses himself every morning with sketching figures, sometimes on my canvas, sometimes on the walls."

At these words, Mendez, with a careless air, approached his easel, when an exclamation of astonishment escaped him, and he gazed with mute surprise at his canvas, on which was roughly sketched a most beautiful head of the Virgin; but the expression was so admirable, the lines so clear, the pose so graceful, that, compared with the figures by which it was encircled, it seemed as if some heavenly visitant had descended among them.

"Ah! what is the matter?" said a rough voice. The pupils turned at the sound, and all made a respectful obeisance to the great master.

"Look, Senor Murillo, look!" exclaimed the youths, as they pointed to the easel of Mendez.

"Who has painted this? who has painted this, gentlemen?" asked Murillo, eagerly; "speak, tell me. He who has sketched this Virgin will one day be the master of us all. Murillo wishes he had done it. What a touch! what delicacy! what skill! Mendez, my dear pupil, was it you?"

"No, Senor," said Mendez, in a sorrowful tone.

"Was it you then, Isturitz, or Ferdinand, or Carlos?"

But they all gave the same answer as Mendez.

"It could not, however, come here in the night without hands," said Murillo, impatiently.

"I think, sir," said Cordova, the youngest of the pupils, "that these strange pictures are very alarming; indeed, this is not the first unaccountable event which has happened in your studio. To tell the truth, such wonderful things have happened here, one scarcely knows what to believe."

"What are they?" asked Murillo, still lost in admiration of the head of the Virgin by the unknown artist.

"According to your orders, senor," answered Ferdinand, "we never leave the studio without first putting everything in order, cleaning our palettes, washing our brushes, and arranging our easels; but when we arrive in the morning, not only is everything in confusion, our brushes filled with paint, our palettes soiled, but here and there are sketches (beautiful ones, to be sure, they are!), sometimes of the head of an angel, sometimes of a demon, then, again, the profile of a young girl; or the figure of an old man; but all admirable, as you have yourself seen, senor."

"This is certainly a curious affair, gentlemen,"

observed Murillo; "but we shall soon learn who is this nightly visitant." "Sebastian," he continued, addressing a little mulatto boy of about fourteen years old, who appeared at his call, "did I not desire you to sleep here every night?"

"Yes, master," said the boy, timidly.

"Speak, then; who was here last night and this morning, before these gentlemen came? Ah! you don't choose to answer," said Murillo, pulling his ear.

"No one, master, no one," replied the trembling Sebastian with eagerness.

"That is false," exclaimed Murillo.

"No one but me, I swear to you, master," cried the mulatto, throwing himself on his knees in the middle of the studio, and holding out his hands in supplication before his master.

"Listen to me," pursued Murillo. "I wish to know who has sketched the head of this Virgin, and all the figures which my pupils find here every morning, on coming to the studio. This night, instead of going to bed, you shall keep watch; and if by to morrow you do not discover who the culprit is, you shall have twenty-five strokes from the lash.—You hear! I have said it; now go, and grind the colours; and you, gentlemen, to work."

From the commencement till the termination of the hour of instruction, Murillo was too much ab-

sorbed with his pencil to allow a word to be spoken but what regarded their occupation, but the moment he disappeared the pupils made ample amends for this restraint, and as the unknown painter occupied all their thoughts, the conversation naturally turned to that subject.

"Beware, Sebastian, of the lash," said Mendez, "and watch well for the culprit. Give me the Naples yellow."

"You do not need it, Senor Mendez," said Sebastian, quietly; "you have made it yellow enough already."

"Do you know, gentlemen," said Isturitz as he glanced at the painting, "that the remarks of Sebastian are extremely just, and much to the point."

"Oh, they say that negroes have the faces of asses, and the tongues of parrots," rejoined Mendez, in a tone of indifference.

"Who knows," said he, for he had not digested the Naples yellow, "that from grinding the colours, he may one day astonish us by showing that he knows one from another."

"To know one colour from another, and to know how to use them, are two very different things," replied Sebastian, whom the liberty of the studio allowed to join in the conversation of the pupils; and truth obliges us to confess that his taste was so exquisite, his eye so correct, that many of them

did not disdain to follow the advice he frequently gave them respecting their paintings.

It was night, and the studio of Murillo, the most celebrated painter in Seville, was silent as the grave. A single lamp burned upon a marble table, and a young boy, whose sable hue harmonized with the surrounding darkness, but whose eyes sparkled like diamonds at midnight, leaned against an easel, immovable and still. He was so deeply absorbed in his meditations that the door of the studio was opened by one who several times called him by name, and who, on receiving no answer, approached and touched him. Sebastian raised his eyes, which rested on a tall and handsome mulatto.

"Why do you come here, father?" said he, in a melancholy tone.

"To keep you company, Sebastian."

"There is no need, father; I can watch alone."

"Oh, how sad, how dreadful it is to be a slave!" exclaimed the boy.

"It is the will of God," replied the negro, with an air of resignation.

"God! I pray constantly to him, father, (and I hope he will one day listen to me,) that we may no longer be slaves. But go to bed, father; go, go; and I shall go to mine there in that corner, and I shall soon fall asleep. Good-night, father, good-night."

"Good-night, my son;" and, having kissed the boy, the mulatto retired.

The moment Sebastian found himself alone, he said, "Seventy-five lashes to-morrow if I do not tell who sketched these figures, and perhaps more if I do. Oh, my God, come to my aid!" And then the little mulatto threw himself upon the mat, which served him for a bed, where he soon fell fast asleep.

Sebastian awoke at daybreak; it was only three o'clock. Any other boy would probably have gone to sleep again; not so Sebastian, who had but three hours he could call his own.

"Courage, courage, Sebastian," he exclaimed, as he shook himself awake; "three hours are thine —only three hours—then profit by them; the rest belong to thy master, slave! Let me at least be my own master for three short hours. So begin; these figures must be effaced;" and, seizing a brush, he approached the Virgin, which, viewed by the soft light of the morning dawn, appeared more beautiful than ever.

"Efface this!" he exclaimed, "efface this! no! I will die first—efface this—they dare not—neither dare I. No! that head—she breathes—she speaks! It seems as if her blood would flow if I should offer to efface it, and I should be her murderer. No, no, no; rather let me finish it."

Scarcely had he uttered these words when, seizing a palette, he seated himself at the easel, and was soon totally absorbed in his occupation. Hour after hour passed unheeded by Sebastian, who was too much engrossed by the beautiful creation of his pencil, which seemed bursting into life, to mark the flight of time. "Another touch," he exclaimed, "a soft shade here—now the mouth. Yes! there! it opens—those eyes—they pierce me through!—what a forehead!—what delicacy! Oh my beautiful—" and Sebastian forgot the hour, forgot he was a slave, forgot his dreaded punishment—all, all was obliterated from the soul of the youthful artist, who thought of nothing, saw nothing, but his beautiful picture.

But who can describe the horror and consternation of the unhappy slave when, on suddenly turning round, he beheld all the pupils, with the master at their head, standing beside him.

Sebastian never once dreamt of justifying himself, and with his palette in one hand, and his brushes in the other, he hung down his head, awaiting in silence the punishment he believed he justly merited.

Murillo, having, with a gesture of the hand, imposed silence on his pupils, who could hardly restrain themselves from giving way to their admiration, approached Sebastian, and concealing his

emotion, said, in a cold and severe tone, while he looked alternately from the beautiful head of the Virgin to the terrified slave, who stood like a statue before him——

"Who is your master, Sebastian?"

"You," replied the boy, in a voice scarcely audible.

"I mean your drawing-master," said Murillo.

"You, Senor," again replied the trembling slave.

"It cannot be; I never gave you lessons," said the astonished painter.

"But you gave them to others, and I listened to them," rejoined the boy, emboldened by the kindness of his master.

"And you have done better than listen — you have profited by them," exclaimed Murillo, unable longer to conceal his admiration. "Gentlemen, does this boy merit punishment or reward?"

At the word punishment, Sebastian's heart beat quickly: the word reward gave him a little courage; but fearing that his ears deceived him, he looked with timid and imploring eyes towards his master.

"A reward, Senor!" cried the pupils, in a breath.

"That is well; but what shall it be?"

Sebastian began to breathe.

"Ten ducats, at least," said Mendez.

"No," said Gonzalo; "a beautiful new dress for the next holiday."

"Speak, Sebastian," said Murillo; "are these things to your taste? Tell me what you wish for. I am so much pleased with your beautiful composition, that I will grant any request you may make. Speak, then; do not be afraid."

"Oh, master, if I dared—" and Sebastian, clasping his hands, fell at the feet of his master. It was easy to read in the half-opened lips of the boy and his sparkling eyes some devouring thoughts within, which timidity prevented him from uttering.

With the view of encouraging him, each of the pupils suggested some favour for him to demand.

"Ask gold, Sebastian."

"Ask rich dresses, Sebastian."

"Ask to be received as a pupil, Sebastian."

A faint smile passed over the countenance of the slave at the last words, but he hung down his head and remained silent.

"Ask for the best place in the studio," said Gonzalo, who, from being the last pupil, had the worst light for his easel.

"Come, take courage," said Murillo, gaily.

"The master is so kind to-day," said Ferdinand,

"that I would risk something. Ask your *freedom*, Sebastian."

At these words Sebastian uttered a cry of anguish, and raising his eyes to his master, he exclaimed, in a voice choked with sobs, "*The freedom of my father!—the freedom of my father!*"

"And thine, also!" said Murillo, who, no longer able to conceal his emotion, threw his arms around Sebastian, and pressed him to his breast.

"Your pencil," he continued, "shows that you have talent; your request proves that you have a heart; the artist is complete. From this day consider yourself not only as my pupil, but my son. Happy Murillo! I have done more than paint—I have made a painter!"

Murillo kept his word, and Sebastian Gomez, known better under the name of the Mulatto of Murillo, became one of the most celebrated painters in Spain. There may yet be seen in the churches of Seville the celebrated picture which he had been found painting by his master; also a St. Anne, admirably done; a holy Joseph, which is extremely beautiful; and others of the highest merit.

Boyish Heroism of Sir William Jones.

As we have already said, heroism does not only consist of deeds of exploit and adventure, but also in struggling against adverse circumstances, whenever they beset us. This kind of heroism was displayed during the boyhood of Sir William Jones. This celebrated Oriental scholar was born in London in the year 1746. He had the misfortune to lose his father, who was an eminent mathematician, when only three years old, and had mainly to teach himself all that he knew. He learned to read by the aid of his mother, a woman of considerable learning and great good sense. When in his fifth year he left her for school, long before he had learned to write, he corresponded with her by means of printed characters. It is told of him that at this time his imagination was wonderfully excited by the sublime description of the angel in the tenth chapter of Revelations, and that the impression so made was never effaced. At last he was placed at Harrow school, under Dr. Thackeray and Dr. Sumner, and commenced the study of the Latin language in his ninth

year. In this he made very rapid progress, owing to his contrivances to aid him in his studies. He procured a lamp, which he took to his bedroom, and contrived an alarm that awoke him at three o'clock every morning, at which hour he used to get up for study. In this he was so diligent, that he not only outstripped all his schoolfellows in his Latin exercises, but secretly commenced the study of the Greek language, and at the end of the year, at which time his tutor had intended him to commence the study of Greek, he found, to his astonishment, that young Jones had already mastered the Greek grammar and the principal difficulties of that language. At the same time, besides the usual exercises imposed upon him, he translated into English verse several of the epistles of Ovid, and all the pastorals of Virgil, and he composed a dramatic piece on the story of Meleager, which he denominated a tragedy, and which during the vacation was acted by his more intimate schoolfellows, the part of the hero being performed by himself.

At Harrow he invented many other dramatic pieces, and got up several very extraordinary exhibitions. He and his associates divided the fields and hills lying round Harrow into states and kingdoms, like those of ancient Greece. Each of the school heroes fixed upon some one of these as

their dominions, and assumed an ancient name. Some of the schoolboys consented to be barbarians, and, like some kings and emperors of modern times, undertook to invade the territories of the more civilized states, and attack their hillocks, which were denominated fortresses. The chiefs vigorously defended their respective domains against the incursions of the enemy, and in these imitative wars the young generals and statesmen held councils, made vehement harangues, and composed memorials—all doubtless very boyish' but well calculated to fill their minds with ideas of heroism, patriotism, and civil government. In these unusual amusements Jones was always their leader; and conducted himself with such energy, tact, and judgment, as to obtain the name of Old Ulysses.

The exploits of the "Spartan band," as Jones's party was called, were very numerous. One of these I shall relate. A poor fruit-seller had a donkey which he used to turn out every night. This unfortunate animal, by some means or other being tired of thistles, found his way into the "Parson's glebe," in which he nibbled a series of mathematical figures, of unusual forms and dimensions, to the great discomfiture of the parson, who, in the energy of his wrath, impounded the donkey, and sent in a bill of the damage to the

fruit-seller. The sum charged was far too great for the poor man to pay, and the poor donkey languished in the pound for some days, upon the most scanty provender, and till the bones began to show through his hide like that of Don Quixote's Rosinante, and transposed the poor beast into a walking trapezeum. Jones and his Spartans viewed the poor creature's condition with great sympathy; and looking upon him as a hero deprived of liberty, determined to rescue him from his degraded captivity. Accordingly, mustering his band, the whole sallied forth at the dead of the night, and, entering the pound, contrived, by placing the donkey's forefeet on its top and pushing him up behind, holding him up here and pushing him along there, till at last the animal was safely on the right side of his prison bars. They then ornamented him with their pocket-handkerchiefs, and rode him, one at a time, to the hut of his master. To make all right, they entered into a subscription among themselves to pay the fine imposed; and had in return the gratitude of the poor man, and the everlasting goodwill of the ass.

The after-career of Sir William Jones fully realized the bright hopes entertained of him. In 1764 he was entered as a student at University College, Oxford. Here his taste for Oriental li-

terature was fostered; and, on the completion of his academical career, he became, through the interest of Dr. Sumner and Dr. Parr, private tutor to Lord Althorpe, afterwards Earl Spenser. A fellowship at Oxford was conferred upon him; and he became one of the most celebrated and learned men of his age and nation; and made himself master of no fewer than twenty-eight languages—English, Latin, French, Italian, Greek, Arabic, Persian, Sanscrit, Spanish, Portuguese, German, Runic, Hebrew, Bengalee, Hindostanee, Turkish, Tibetian, Pâli, Phalavi, Deri, Russian, Syriac, Ethiopic, Coptic, Welsh, Swedish, Dutch, and Chinese. His good feelings and generosity were ever predominant in his character. He always set himself against oppression and wrong; was ever ready to defend the weak against the strong; and died in the forty-eighth year of his age, with a character for probity, justice, and honour which has been seldom equalled and never surpassed.

The Little Truant.

It was bitter cold: all the country round was white with hoarfrost, and in the distance the roofs of the houses and the village steeples appeared covered with snow. The naked branches of the trees looked like withered skeletons; icicles usurped the place of foliage. A poor child of about thirteen years of age, poorly clad, with stockingless feet and wearing a pair of clumsy worn-out shoes, was toiling painfully along the scarcely-defined road from Melun to Orleans; it was not a fine broad road as at present, still less did a railway whirl passengers in a few hours from Melun to Paris; for the time of which we are now writing was nearly three hundred years ago, and at that period the roads in France were furrowed with deep muddy ruts, strewn with stones and occasionally with the trunks of trees, and sometimes all traces of these rough roads would suddenly cease, and make it very difficult to track your way across a common or through a wood.

It took, consequently, at that time several days to go from Melun to Paris, and the poor boy,

completely ignorant of the distance, had imagined that he could reach it that very evening. He had been told that the Seine flowed from Melun to Paris, and he had reasoned with himself, "It must be very near, then; I shall arrive there as the Seine does." Although he had set out at daybreak, and had walked courageously all day, night was beginning to fall, and he had not yet caught sight of the steeple at Orleans. He began to think he must have lost his way; but of whom to inquire his road? By a fatality which seemed to him as a just judgment of heaven, he had walked since morning without encountering a single traveller, either on foot or on horseback; and yet he must have relied on the assistance of the passers-by, for he had started on his wearisome journey without having tasted a single morsel of bread. With the careless indifference and hopefulness of childhood, he had in the early stage of his journey walked gaily and swiftly, even running at times to keep himself warm. But a hungry stomach has its effect on the legs, and he soon relaxed his pace, first walking and then dragging himself wearily along until he at length sank exhausted on the stump of a tree, no longer able to find his way through the thick flakes of snow that were beginning to fall, and the shades of night that were fast approach-

ing. Overcome with fatigue and hunger, he exclaimed, "Oh my God! oh my good mother! what will become of me!" Such expressions are often uttered by strong men, women, and children in deep distress; for if God is to us a protection from on high, a mother is the refuge which, until death, never forsakes or fails us here below.

The poor little truant, therefore, in his distress called upon his mother, his mother whom he had resolutely quitted in the morning without bidding her farewell. Just as he was beginning to despair, and already felt his poor little body becoming benumbed with cold, he heard the clatter of horses' hoofs on the flinty road. He sobbed more loudly, hoping to attract the pitying notice of the travellers, and he was not unsuccessful, for two horses were very soon pulled up beside him.

The first was ridden by a gentleman, the magnificence of whose attire was plainly seen beneath the thick folds of his heavy travelling-cloak. He was followed by an armed domestic.

The gentleman perceived by the expiring twilight the poor child lying exhausted with fatigue and hunger.

"What is this?" said he, touching him with the tip of his whip; "whence come you? and whither are you going?"

"I come from Melun, and I wanted to go to Orleans," replied the poor little boy, "but my legs will not carry me any farther, and I am dying with hunger."

"Your countenance pleases me," replied the gentleman: then turning towards the servant; "Give some of the contents of your gourd to this poor little fellow to restore him; then hoist him up in front of me like a portmanteau; my horse goes better than yours, and as we ride along, and so soon as he is sufficiently recovered, the little rascal shall relate to me his story."

The servant hastened to execute the orders of his master, and in a short time the two horses and their riders had resumed their journey. The motion and the cordial which he had swallowed, in a few moments restored the child to consciousness. As he clung to the saddle which the gentleman bestrode, he thanked him warmly for his kindness.

"Well, come, as we shall be obliged to slacken our pace up this steep hill, tell me your story, and do not lie," said the benevolent nobleman.

"Oh! I will not hide the truth, however bad and disgraceful it is to me; I will not lie to you who have saved my life. My name is Jacques; I am the son of a poor haberdasher of Melun, living near the church."

"I am from Melun, too, and I can see it from here," replied the gentleman; "continue."

"I have two sisters older than myself, who willingly assist my father in his business, whilst I, for my part, have never had the least taste for it. I have my mother, of whom I am the favourite, and who, seeing my love for books, has managed to pay for my schooling in spite of my father, who wished to keep me at home to help him, and always called me a lazy lout when he found me reading. I have had this taste for books ever since I can remember. When I went to church of a Sunday, during divine service I used to covet the beautiful Prayer-books that the ministers had, and longed to possess them. One is sometimes urged by instincts that are stronger than ourselves, and I do not think they always come from the evil one. I learnt to read very quickly and without knowing how, and I can also read the Latin psalms, and I understand them a little. But I could only read in the books belonging to the school; I had not a book of my own—they were too dear. My poor mother was always promising to buy me a fine Prayer-book: but months passed by without her ever being able to procure the necessary amount of money. My father kept a close watch upon her, and prevented her putting anything aside. It is true

that we were very poor, and that the united labour of all, scarcely sufficed to procure us a living. I alone was idle, as my father was daily repeating, abusing me as he did so; it seemed to me, however, as if my mind was not idle, only my hands refused to do the work he put into them.

"Yesterday my mother had gone with my sisters to the bake-house to make the large brown loaves that we eat: my father was called out of doors on some little business.

"'Take care of the shop at least, lazy-bones,' said he to me, 'and above all do not touch anything.'

"He quitted me with a threatening gesture, and I placed myself at the door watching the passers. All at once I saw a hawker approach, who sold books, and maybe on his way to the church and the school, to endeavour to dispose of them.

"'Come this way,' said I, 'and let me look at your beautiful books, for, as the proverb says, Looking costs nothing.'

"'Looking would cost me my time,' replied the hawker; 'I am in haste, and unless you are going to purchase I cannot open my pack.'

"'Open it,' said I; 'I can at least buy one book.'

"The words escaped my lips, I know not how, and it was that, that ruined me; for once spoken,

I would not unsay them, in dread lest the hawker should laugh at me. He entered the shop, undid his pack in haste, and showed me a volume of the holy Gospel in Latin, which delighted me greatly.

"'That is worth a crown; you can either take it or leave it,' said the pedlar; 'but I see that it's too dear for you,' he added with a mocking air, which set my blood on fire.

"'Wait a little,' I resolutely replied, and approaching the till where my father kept his money, I shook it, opened it, and took thence a crown's worth of change.

"As soon as the hawker was gone, I hid the book in my pocket. I trembled: I was afraid; I understood how that I had just committed a theft; I would fain have recalled the pedlar, but it was now too late. What was to be done? My father might return, from one moment to another, and I already felt his anger falling upon me like thunder. If even my mother had been there, she might have been able to protect me; but in her absence I felt myself lost. In my terror I pushed the shop-door to, ran up stairs to the top of the house, and barricaded myself in the little loft where I slept. I seated myself upon my bed, and finding that all continued silent, I ventured to peep into my book. I took it from my pocket, and began eagerly reading the beautiful story

of the passion of Christ. I only half understood the Latin words, and I made such great efforts to comprehend them entirely, that by degrees I forgot my bad action, the anger of my father, the punishment that awaited me; I forgot everything except my book.

"But suddenly the sound of voices ascended from the shop. I then understood that my father had returned and was very angry with me. I guessed that my mother was endeavouring to pacify him, but without success. Oh! I would have given the world at that moment to be a mouse, that a cat might eat me up. I hid the book under my mattress, and I hid myself under my bed. Soon I heard footsteps ascending, which I thought were those of my father, and already I felt a shower of blows. I gained courage, however, a little, as the footsteps sounded to me lighter, and I thought they announced the coming of my mother or one of my sisters. Somebody knocked at the door. 'It is I, Jacques; open quickly,' said my eldest sister. I opened the door, but took care to shut it again the moment she had entered.

"'You must get away from here,' she hastily exclaimed, 'or father will kill you. He says that you are a thief; that you have taken some money out of the till.'

"'I took a crown to buy this book,' said I, taking the Testament from under the mattress.

"'You have none the less committed a robbery on our father,' said my sister, severely. 'You must conceal yourself away from here, for our father, who thinks you are roaming about the town, declares that if he finds you, he will be the death of you, or else give you up to the magistrate as a thief.'

"The repetition of this word thief made me feel very deeply, I assure you. I began to sob and cry.

"'This is no time for crying,' said my sister. 'Pass through the yard, and go and hide yourself at your godfather's the butcher's. My mother will come to you there this evening.'

"I placed my book, the cause of all my misfortune, between my shirt and my coat, and took to flight, as my sister had advised. I soon reached the house of my godfather the butcher; but as I dared not enter, for fear of explanation and remonstrance, I sat down in the shed where the oxen were stalled; and feeling myself safe and warmly sheltered there, I began reading in my book while waiting till it should be dark enough to allow my mother to visit me in safety. I was able to watch for her coming from the spot where I had stationed myself, and as soon as I

heard the sound of her footsteps, I sprang up to meet her. My mother, far from frightening me like my father, seemed to me like succour from Heaven coming to my assistance. I fell on her neck, and related to her with tears what I had done.

"'I was quite sure,' said she, as her eyes fell upon the book which I held in my hand, 'that you had not taken that money for bad purposes; but your father will not listen to reason: it will take a long while to bring him round, and in the mean time what is to become of you, my poor child? I had an idea of speaking to your godfather to take you in; but your father would be sure to find you there, and there is no knowing what might happen.'

"'Yes, mother,' said I, 'I must go a long way from here to gain my living; I want to see Paris, and to learn a great many things that the schoolmates have told me about.'

"'You are mad, my little Jacques: what would become of a poor child like you in that great city?'

"I cannot remember all I said to her, in order to persuade her that Paris would be a perfect paradise to me; it seemed as if the spirit within me prompted my words while I was talking to her. It was at length agreed between us that on the

very next day she should confide me to the care of the boatmen who plied on the Seine between Melun and Paris, and that every week she should send me by them a large loaf, which would, at all events, help to keep me in the great city.

"'But talking of bread, you have had no supper, my poor Jacques: see, here are some nuts and a cake which I have baked for you; eat, and then go to sleep in this shed, since you find yourself comfortable here, and to-morrow, at daybreak, I will come to you again,' said this good mother.

"She departed, and when I had eaten my fill, I went to sleep on the clean straw put for the cows, and I had a wonderful dream.

"I thought I was in the palace of the King of France, grandly dressed, and conversing familiarly with the King's children, or rather, that they treated me with the greatest respect, and called me their *master*. What it meant is more than I can say; but I saw such beautiful things in this dream—monuments of all sorts, palaces, churches, colleges, that I am certain I shall see again at Paris; I heard so many voices calling me, that this morning, at the first dawn of day, without well knowing what I was doing, forgetting my mother, and her despair when she should find me gone, I set off running at full speed along the road from Melun to Paris; I was so dreadfully afraid

that something would happen to prevent my accomplishing my design and seeing the capital, that I added to my bad action of yesterday the far worse one of leaving my mother without even bidding her good-bye. God has already punished me; for, but for you, my good gentleman, I should have died of cold upon the road, and been eaten by wolves."

"Come, come, you are not such a rascal as I feared," replied the gentleman, when the child had finished his recital; "you shall pass two or three days at Orleans to recruit your strength; then you can continue your way to Paris, and to-morrow, when I return to Melun, I will let your mother, who must think you are lost, know what has become of you."

Little Jacques gratefully thanked the worthy gentleman, and kissed the hands that held the bridle. And so they travelled on. But they had now reached a plain, where the road before which Orleans lay, became much better. The horse broke into a trot again, the child relapsed into silence, and remained quiet in his seat. The gentleman imagined he was asleep and thought no more about him; but when they reached the door of the inn, where he was going to put up, and gave Jacques a gentle push to awaken him, he perceived that

he was not only unconscious, but that he was attacked with a high fever. The cordial he had drank had only imparted an hour's factitious strength.

What was to be done? The gentleman knew the charitable and kindly nature of the good nurses of the hospital, and thither he conducted the little wanderer.

On the morrow he paid him a visit before returning to Melun. The child's fever had abated, but his limbs were quite stiff, and he could not turn in his bed. The excellent nobleman confided him to the care of the kind-hearted nurses, gave him a letter of recommendation for Paris, and departed, again promising him to go that very evening to console his mother.

Three days of repose so completely cured little Jacques, that at their expiration he was able to set out again on his journey to Paris. They gave him twelve sous and some food before he quitted the hospital, so that he was able to accomplish the rest of his journey with ease and comfort. As he was quitting the hospital, so well named in French, Hotel Dieu (God's House), for aid is never refused to needy sufferers, he made a very serious resolution; he determined that, if he should ever become rich, he would endow the hospital at Orleans.

The weather was bright and clear when he arrived at Paris, which enabled him to go and admire the King's Palace, the Tower of Nesle, the Pré aux Clercs, the beautiful churches, and all the monuments which adorned old Paris.

The letter which the good gentleman had given him was for the principal of one of the numerous colleges of Paris. He did not ask for him to be admitted as a pupil into the interior of the college; that would have been too much to hope for the little truant, dressed in a poor gaberdine, and the son of a petty haberdasher; he only requested that he might be employed as messenger and servant to the pupils and professors, feeling sure that he would ultimately be admitted into the college if he discovered any striking aptitude for study.

The master to whom little Jacques delivered his letter was a man of naturally abrupt and hasty manners.

"Choose your place at the college gate," said he; "I will give orders that you shall be suffered to remain there, and we will try and get you some errands to do." Then, with a gesture of impatience, he dismissed the poor child.

But Jacques was of a resolute and persevering nature not easily discouraged. To the walls of the colleges, the convents, the churches, and almost all the public buildings of that period were

attached little parasitical constructions. Against the front of the college whence Jacques had just issued, was a cobbler's stall; another little hut was occupied by an image-seller, who traded in chaplets, reliquaries, and missals; then came a little hut that just afforded shelter to a blind man and his dog. The little truant chose himself a place between the two pillars of a postern door that was always kept shut. He then placed on a very low bench, sheltered by the portico of this door, a truss of straw which he bought for a few pence; and having thus snugly ensconced himself, he supped gaily off the remainder of the food which the good sisters had given him. The night was rough, but he lay curled up in his straw, and felt not its rigour. As soon as he awoke he began to run up and down as hard as he could, to warm himself, and it was not long before he was perceived by the cobbler and the image man, by both of whom he was employed in some little commissions, in return for which they each gave him some soup and bread, and he felt quite comforted by a warm meal.

At that time the students were all out-door pupils, and in the morning as they went to college, they saw the little errand-boy, the expression of whose countenance pleased them. He was sitting with his legs hanging down from his

bench covered with the clean straw, and was reading his Latin Testament.

Several of the elder pupils questioned him, and having learned that he wished to run errands, employed him immediately, so that he gained, the very first day, several small pieces of money. He arranged with the image-man to take his food and warm himself at his stall; and, oh, *acmé* of happiness! the image-man even went so far as to lend him some of his books to read. He lost no time in writing to his mother, and he soon after received information that a large loaf had been brought to him from Melun by the boatmen of that place. He immediately went down to the river's bank to the part where the boatmen moor their boats, and soon recognized in one of them their neighbour at Melun, who, having in his turn espied him, exclaimed—

"Holloa! my little man, come on board my boat; I have a cargo for you."

When the child went on board the boat, he shook hands with the master, and received in his arms an enormous brown loaf, of sweet home-made bread. He could not look at this great loaf of bread without feeling moved; it was his mother who had baked it, and every week she was to send him a similar one, in order that he might not starve in Paris.

He talked with the boatman for a long time of his good mother, then of his father and sisters, and when he bade him good-bye, and found himself alone in the streets of Paris, he began to dream of what he could do to prove, some day, his gratitude to his mother.

To cross the threshold of the college, to be admitted there as a pupil, and become a learned man, such were the objects he strove to attain. But how to accomplish them? He remembered the short and abrupt reception which the master had given him, and hardly dared to count on his protection.

With his thoughts occupied on these subjects, he regained the college gates; he deposited his large loaf in the image-man's stall, after having cut off a great slice which he ate with avidity; he then seated himself in his own little corner, awaiting customers. It was the day following a holiday, and a lady passed who was bringing her two sons back to college.

Jacques touched his cap, according to his usual mode of addressing the passers-by.

"Look! it is our little messenger," said one of the lads to his brother. "We must recommend him to mamma, who can help him to earn more money than we can," and they immediately pointed out little Jacques to their mother. The

latter looked at the poor child, and was pleased with his countenance and manners; he was at that moment holding his Testament in his hand: the lady having looked at the book, and questioned Jacques, learned from him his ardent desire for reading and instruction. "Would you like," she kindly said, "to accompany my sons every day to the college? I will obtain permission from the professors for you to be present at their lessons, and you will then be always learning something."

The child, overpowered with emotion, and not knowing how to prove the excess of his gratitude to the kind lady, threw himself on his knees to thank her.

Some minutes after, he was admitted into the interior of the college; the lady had recommended him to the same master to whom he had delivered the letter on his arrival at Paris. This time he was much better received. The master told him that he should have a little room to himself right at the top of the building, and that he might, if he pleased, while attending on the sons of the kind lady, share the studies of the other pupils, and that his advancement would thenceforth depend upon himself.

From that time the life of little Jacques became an ardent struggle. The large loaf which he re-

ceived every week from Melun secured him from want; to this home-made bread he was able to add a little fruit and some vegetables, and to buy himself a better coat with the modest wages regularly paid him by the kind lady; and, what was to him still greater happiness, to buy himself a few books! He was still very poor, but he was rich in hope—rich in the consciousness of what was opening before him. He never dreamed of envying the fate of his fellow-pupils; he only thought of surpassing them all in his studies.

It was an admirable example that was set by this poor child of the people, waiting upon others in play-hours, while in those devoted to lessons he showed himself the most assiduous of them all. He even encroached upon his hours of sleep to study, and not having any lamp, he read and wrote by the light of a few live embers. He soon made rapid progress in the study of the Latin language, but his ambition went still further; he thirsted for a knowledge of the beautiful Greek tongue, with which only a few of the *literati* of France were at that time perfectly familiar. The most celebrated works of Greek literature had only been printed in Paris about twenty years before; these books were very dear, and little Jacques was very poor; but the strength of his will supplied the want of everything. By dint of hard labour he obtained a

"The king and princess, astonished at his learning, loaded him with praise, and declared that they would take under their protection the young Jacques." *Page* 81.

THE TEST.

mastery over Greek. He followed first the course of lectures of Bonchamps, called Evagrius, the most learned professor of his time; and shortly after, Francis I. having instituted a Greek chair, the professors of which, two learned and erudite men, named Jacques Thusan and Pierre Danès, were commissioned, under the style and title of Royal Lecturers, to teach, one the poetry and the other the philosophy of antiquity, Jacques was to be seen assiduously attending their lectures, questioned by them, and astonishing and dazzling them by his replies. They confessed, at length, that they had nothing more to teach to the wonderful pupil, who now knew as well as they did how to comment upon Plato, Demosthenes, and Plutarch.

A day came, at length, when they examined him in presence of Francis I. and of his sister Margaret of Navarre, who also herself understood Greek. The king and the princess, astonished at his learning, loaded him with praises, and declared that they would take under their protection the young Jacques Amyot, one of the future glories of France.

On the morrow succeeding this happy day, the boats of Melun deposited at Paris a poor man and his wife, attired in the simple garb of the peasants of that time. They were the mother and father of Jacques Amyot.

"The king and princess, astonished at his learning, loaded him with praise, and declared that they would take under their protection the young Jacques." *Page* 81.

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"Ah, my dear son," said his mother as she strained him to her breast, "I bring you your father, who has forgiven you and who is very proud of you!"

Jacques Amyot, the hero of the above little tale, was born at Melun, October 3rd, 1513, of humble parents, his father being a little shopkeeper of the town. The young Amyot, evincing a distaste for his father's business, quitted his home at an early period, and went to Paris, travelling thither on foot. Sinking with exhaustion and fatigue by the way, he was conducted to the hospital of Orleans. As soon as he was recovered, he left the hospital with twelve sous (*6d.*), which were given to him, and which constituted all his resources until his arrival at Paris. His mother, who was tenderly attached to him, contributed to his support by sending him every week an enormous loaf of bread from Melun. He installed himself in the first instance at the gate of one of the colleges, where he ran of errands and executed commissions for the pupils and professors. Remarked for his intelligence and pleasing manners, he was admitted into the interior of the college, of which he soon became one of the most promising pupils; for although obliged by reason of his straitened circumstances to act in the capacity of servant to the other pupils, that did not prevent him from prose-

cuting his studies with the utmost ardour. At night, for want of oil and candle, he is said to have studied by the light of a few live charcoal embers. After having finished his classical studies and terminated his courses of lectures under the most distinguished professors, he was elected Master of Arts. He then repaired to Bourges, to study civil law there. There also, Jacques Collin, Reader to the King, entrusted to him the education of his nephews, and obtained for him a Professor's chair for both Greek and Latin. It was during the twelve years that he occupied this chair that he made the translation of the Greek romance of Theagenes and Charicles, and commenced that of Plutarch's Lives. He dedicated the first of the Lives to Francis I., who ordered him to continue this translation, and granted him, as a reward, the abbey of Bellezane. Being desirous of obtaining possession of the manuscripts of Plutarch which were in existence in Italy, he repaired thither with the French ambassador. He was shortly after commissioned by the latter and by Cardinal Tournon to be the bearer of a letter to King Henry II. at the council at that time assembled at Trent. He acquitted himself so skilfully of his mission that, on his return to Paris, he was appointed preceptor to the two sons of Henry II. While conducting their education he finished his translation of Plutarch's

Lives, which he dedicated to Henry II., and began that of the moral works of the same writer, which he did not finish till the reign of Charles IX., his pupil, to whom he paid a similar compliment. Immediately on his succession to the throne, King Charles IX. appointed him his grand almoner. Some time after, the chair of Auxerre falling vacant, the king bestowed it upon his Master, as he always called Amyot.

When his other pupil, Henry III., succeeded to the throne, he confirmed him in all his offices, and appointed him commander of the order of the Holy Ghost, which he had just created. Amyot passed his last years in his diocese, solely occupied with study and the exercise of his duties. He died at Auxerre, February 6th, 1593, in his eightieth year. He left a fortune of 200,000 crowns. He bequeathed to the hospital of Orleans, where he had been sheltered in his childhood, a legacy of 1200 crowns. His translation of Plutarch is esteemed the best in the French language.

Amiable Heroism of Louis XVII.

THE immediate successor of the unfortunate Louis XVI. bore only for a short time the title of King of France. After his father's execution the revolutionists imprisoned him in the Temple in Paris, in the dungeons of which he languished for a few months, and then died, being only ten years and a few months old. This royal youth was the second son of Louis XVI. This unfortunate monarch was tried by the Convention, which in 1792 decreed the abolition of royalty in France, and accused the monarch of conspiracy and high treason against the liberties of the people. He was condemned to death by a majority of eleven votes, and suffered death by the guillotine on the 21st of January, 1793. Nine months after, Marie Antoinette, the beloved mother of our hero, ascended the revolutionary scaffold, and he was left an orphan in the world. He was at his birth known as the Duke of Normandy, but afterwards, on the death of his elder brother, became Dauphin. Acknowledged King of France by the Royalists, and

also by foreign powers, the provinces of La Bretagne, Toulon, and La Vendée took up arms in his name. But they were unsuccessful, and it is generally suspected that he died of poison in his prison, which event occurred on the 8th of June, 1795.

Some might suppose that the life of such a child could present few circumstances worthy of remembrance, but if we may credit the memoirs which appeared after the restoration of the monarchy, since again overthrown, there never was a prince of the house of Capet who gave at so early an age so bright a promise of doing justice to the ancient motto—"*Bonté et Valeur.*"

From the anecdotes that are related of him I shall select a few of the more striking.

Every morning the Dauphin, while yet a child, was in the habit of ranging through the gardens of the Palace of Versailles, and collecting the fairest flowers to deposit in his mother's boudoir before she arose. When bad weather prevented him on any occasion from gathering his usual morning bouquet, he would say, mournfully—"Alas! how sorry am I! Nothing have I done to-day for my dear mamma, who has done so much for me. But I will make her a drawing of the flowers I would have gathered for her on my slate, to show her that I love her."

On one of the anniversaries of his mother's birth, the King, Louis XVI., expressed a wish to the Dauphin that he would present his mother with an extraordinary bouquet, and accompany it with some compliment of his own composing. "Papa," replied the Prince, "I have a beautiful evergreen in my garden—I would wish nothing better than that for both my bouquet and my compliment. In presenting it to my mamma I will say to her, 'My dear mamma, may you resemble my tree, and be always green in your age and in my remembrance.'"

One day, in a fit of absence, he had mingled some marigolds, the emblems of care, in a bouquet which he had designed for the Queen. Perceiving his mistake at the moment of presenting it, he plucked them out hastily. "Ah, mamma, you have enough of care! I will take these away.—But stay," he continued; and running to a bed of Tricolor viola, or heartsease, he plucked a few, and introducing them to the bouquet, said, "There, mamma, may I always be able to give you these!"

In his repartees he showed an uncommon degree of point and archness. When reading his lessons one day he fell into a hissing tone; his preceptor, the Abbé D'Arraux, corrected him; the Queen, too, joined in her censures. "Mamma," said the

Prince, "I said my lessons so ill that I hissed myself."

On another occasion, when in the garden called La Bagatelle, carried away by his vivacity, he threw himself on a bed of roses. His attendant, who was an English gentleman, especially retained to speak English with him, cried out, alarmed, "Sir, do you not know that these roses may put out your eyes?" The little boy arose, and regarding him with an air as noble as decided, replied, "Thorny ways, sir, lead to glory."

A regiment of young boys was formed at Paris under the name of the "Regiment du Dauphin." The Dauphin was its *petit colonel*, and it was often admitted to exercise before him in a small garden of the Tuileries. In order to fulfil the duties of his command well, he was constantly with a little musket on his shoulder, making himself familiar with all the manual evolutions. On one occasion, when going out to walk, he was for carrying his musket about with him. The officer of the National Guard who was in attendance said, "Sir, you are going out, you must surrender your musket." The Dauphin refused indignantly. The Marchioness of Tourville, his governess, being informed of this circumstance, reprimanded the Prince for his indiscretion. "If," replied the spirited boy, "he had asked me to give him the

musket, I would have done so. But to ask me to surrender it——" He could add no more; a rising flood of indignation choked his utterance.

At another time, when playing at quoits with an officer of the National Guard, the officer gained the match, and exclaimed exultingly, "Ah! I have conquered the Dauphin." Piqued at the expression, the Prince replied with warmth of temper. The affair being represented to the Queen, she reprimanded the Dauphin for having so far forgotten himself. "I feel," said the youth, "that I have done wrong; but why did he not satisfy himself by saying that he had won the match? It was the word *conquered* that put me beyond myself."

Louis, desirous of knowing the progress which his son had made in geographical knowledge, conducted him blindfold one morning to some distance from Rambouillet, and on arriving at the open country, his Majesty delivered a compass into the hands of the Dauphin, and said, "Now, my son, take which road you please; I will take another, and let us meet before night at the old château." The Prince began wandering about the fields, watched all the time by some persons of the court disguised as peasants. He stopped often, as if in difficulty, but although he passed several countrymen he put no questions to them. Every now and then he had recourse to the com-

pass as his only counsellor, and at last, after five hours of turning and winding, the night came on, and he lost his way in a wood. Nothing daunted, however, he proceeded by his compass, sitting down often in the darkness, and gently feeling with his fingers the direction of the needle in the compass-box. In the middle of the night he reached the château. Louis welcomed him with open arms. "Ah! my son," said he, "I thought we had lost you."

"Why so, papa?" replied the Prince; "my heart turned to you as surely as the needle turns to the pole-star. Love is its great attraction, and will save me in every danger."

Such are a few amiable traits in the short history of the "Dauphin." His untimely death may be regretted by many, but not by those who are acquainted with the horrible scenes that took place in France during the Revolution. His little history teaches us that, however short life may be, yet there is always much time in it to do good, and that the cultivation of love and duty to those who are our best friends, is one of the noblest kinds of true heroism.

Heroic Devotion of a Tyrolese Boy.

ALBERT SPECKBACHER.

DURING the war in the Tyrol, not only the women engaged in the great cause, and guarded the prisoners that were taken, but the little children whose age would not permit them to bear arms, still lingered about the ranks of their fathers, and sought by any little offices to render themselves useful to the common cause. One of these, a son of Speckbacher, a Tyrolese leader and a companion of Hofer, a boy of ten years of age, followed his father into the battle. The French troops had advanced upon a village which was separated from them by a rustic bridge, constructed of a large tree which had been felled from the mountain side, so as to catch over on the rocks in front of it. Beneath was a deep ravine, at the bottom of which the river Ard ran with inconceivable velocity. The French troops had no means of getting to the village but by the passage of this bridge, over which only one man could pass at a time; and it was here that the Tyrolese peasants made a resolute stand to protect their village.

A detachment from the main army, consisting of about 300 men, had been despatched to the defence of this pass, and Speckbacher was its leader. They arrived only a few minutes before the advanced guard of the French reached the other side of the ravine, and prepared in single file to pass over the bridge. As they mounted the rocks in front and advanced towards the other side, Speckbacher's company opened a rifle fire upon them, and scores fell from the rocks adjacent and from the bridge itself into the ravine. Still the French resolutely advanced; but the thicker the grass the easier it is mown; and the Tyrolese, by a well-directed fire, suffered no man to pass towards them, and destroyed hundreds as they approached. For more than an hour this point of passage was thus disputed; but at last the French General Lacermine directed a couple of cannon to be got up the rocks, which began firing shells upon the Tyrolese party, and in a very short time destroyed more than half of them, among whom was the brave Speckbacher. The poor youth saw his father fall and die; yet nothing daunted, he determined to behave with his father's spirit, and kneeling over his dead body, in spite of the shells bursting about him, picked off with his rifle those who advanced upon the bridge. The cannon, however, continued to play, and the shells to fall

on every side, and the only chance of keeping the French troops from advancing was the destruction of the bridge. Having procured axes, some of the Tyrolese began to cut away the roots of the fallen tree, and part of the tree itself, from the bank on their side of the ravine. But while thus engaged the French rifles picked them off one after the other with dreadful celerity. Yet as the salvation of the village depended upon the defence of this pass, every effort was made to destroy the bridge. Still, however, the Tyrolese continued to fall, and at last, so dreadful was the risk, that no one would approach the place to handle the axe. A great portion of the tree had been cut through; but every cut had perilled a life, and the appearance of any one at the place was the mark for a hundred French bullets to play upon. Nothing daunted, however, at the carnage, young Speckbacher resolutely took the axe, and wielding it with great dexterity, amid a shower of balls, at last cut the whole nearly through. The tree, however, still held tenaciously at a point which could not be reached by the axe—a mere slip of the inner bark. There was but one way to detach the tree from this bearing, *i.e.*, by bringing a weight on the top of it; and, waiting for the discharge of the Frenchmen's fire, young Speckbacher immediately leaped on the tree, jumping with all

his might till the whole mass of the tree gave way, and he and the bridge toppled down the dark ravine.

Thus did this heroic youth give up his life for the salvation of his native village. The French, foiled in passing the ravine, now retired, and the next morning they found floating in the deep stream at the foot of the mountain the dead body of the poor lad. With the generosity which belongs to the gallant French nation, they buried young Speckbacher in the mountain side, and placed a stone upon the grave with an inscription recording the heroic event.

The Truthful Scotch Boy;

OR, SAWNEY MACPHERSON.

MOST of our young readers will have read of the adventures of Prince Charles Edward, the grandson of James II., and how he raised his standard in Scotland to regain his father's throne and kingdom. How he marched victoriously to Derby. How he marched back from thence, and how the Duke of Cumberland followed him till he came up with him at "Culloden," at which battle Prince Charles was totally defeated, and his army entirely routed.

Charles, or rather Prince Edward, as he is commonly called, had after this battle to fly for his life. He fled into Scotland with a few trusty followers; but the royal troops were close in pursuit of him. He traversed the north of Scotland, and at last took refuge in Long Island. But to this lovely spot his enemies followed him. The whole island was invested by strife of war, and troops were thrown upon it at various places. But the faithful Scots never betrayed their Prince, who, amid many narrow escapes, always contrived

to evade his pursuers, and at last got safely away to France.

During his wanderings in the Highlands, a little episode occurred well deserving a record among traits of boyish heroism, which it is my pleasure to relate. The prince had been wandering among the rocks and ravines of Loch Awe, attended by only a few followers, and a company of a hundred red-coats had descended the mountains close to the loch where they supposed the Prince to be concealed. At last they came to a cave, the ground around which bore evidence of the Prince having been there and recently departed. The captain of the troop, a ferocious soldier, eager for the £30,000 set upon the Prince's head, determined to take him at every hazard. As he was pondering beside the entrance of the cave, wondering which way the fugitive had taken, he beheld a sturdy Scotchman, in his tartan, approaching from the lake. He ordered him to be secured, and then interrogated him as to which road the Prince had taken. The Mackenzie, for that was his clan, knew very well, for he had just seen him turn to the *left* as he came up the pass. "Which road has he taken?" inquired the captain. Now Mackenzie thought it no more than proper to save his Prince's life at any risk, and boldly said, "To the *right*." "To the right," said the captain,

and the soldiers filed off to the right, and a smile was on the lip of the Scot, who congratulated himself that he had saved the life of his Prince, although he had done so by a lie. Before the troops had proceeded on their way, another Scot, a Malcolm, was seen approaching. "Let us ask of him," said the captain, "and see if he agrees with the other. Which way went the Prince?" said he sternly; "we know you saw him, now;—to the right or the left? Speak quickly, or thou diest." The Malcolm thought to himself, "How shall I know what was said by him who has spoken before me? He might not speak the truth. How shall I know that I may say the same?" "Which way did he go?" thundered the captain. "I know not," said the Scot. "Thou art a liar!" said the captain; "and the other is a liar like unto thee: bind them both back to back, and if he who said our foe went to the right prove false, shoot the pair." While the men were being bound, a little boy was seen approaching. "Here," said the captain, "is a true witness. Children and fools always speak the truth." It was little Sawney Macpherson, a youth only twelve years of age, ragged and barefooted, and as wild in appearance as a young colt. "Now, child," said the captain, "thou sawest the Prince, didst thou not?" "Yea, I did," replied the youth. "Which way

did he go? tell me, or thou shalt die," exclaimed the captain, with a fierce look, and laying his hand upon his sword. "I know," said the lad fearlessly, "but I will not tell thee." "Vile caitiff!" said the captain, "then I will beat thee till thou dost." With that he struck him several blows with the blunt side of his sword, which caused screams of anguish from the poor lad. "Tell me, or I will cut thy flesh from thy bones!" screamed the captain. "Though you should cut my head from my shoulders, yet will I not tell. I will never betray my Prince. I am a Macpherson, my Prince's friend, and were I only his dog, I would not betray him." "So," said the captain, putting up his sword, while a tear stood in his eye, "that is enough. Soldiers, forward; let us do our best: and for you, noble youth, take this, and when I am far away, think of me."

The gift thus given, in token of the soldier's admiration for the youth's courage and veracity, was a small silver cross; and this cross was, and is still, treasured among the Macphersons, as a token of their love of truth.

The Little Hunchback.

WHENEVER you have an opportunity, my dear reader, I advise you to visit Windsor, and pass at least one day in the beautiful forest that surrounds this ancient royal residence.

In this majestic and extensive forest, trees extend their gnarled trunks above the smooth and daisy-covered sward; and even in the hottest summer-day, there is a delightful freshness in the perfumed air; and profound peace reigns unbroken, save by the warbling of the birds and the fluttering of the leaves.

One fine morning in the month of August, 1698, a travelling-carriage was crossing the most solitary and least cultivated part of Windsor Forest. It was easy to see by the quantity of luggage piled up in the imperial that the family in the interior were not merely taking a drive, and the speed at which they were travelling denoted an object which it was desirable to attain as quickly as possible. Although the temperature was mild, and the air balmy, the windows were closed, and even the blinds were partially down. On one side of this carriage was a lady of about

thirty years of age, who was supporting in her arms a little boy, whose head was partially concealed beneath the silken mantle of this very beautiful lady, whom it required no great amount of penetration to discover was his mother, judging by the tender manner in which she stroked with her white hands the fair curling locks of the silent child. The latter was eleven years of age, but so frail and delicate that he scarcely looked seven. His figure was crooked, and would have appeared still more awry and ill-proportioned, but for his little velvet tunic, in the manufacture of which, maternal love had exercised indescribable skill in concealing, as much as possible, the natural defects of the poor child's form.

Opposite them sat a gentleman of a haughty and severe countenance, who only smiled when his look fell upon the child, who appeared to be asleep.

"He is at rest now," said the mother. "How quietly he reposes! and what he must have suffered in that school from the wickedness and tricks of his companions! Our dear little Alexander is quite right; we must henceforth live in solitude, and conceal his infirmity from all eyes."

"Solitude will be as agreeable to me as to our son," replied the gentleman; "for I shall no

longer be exposed to the annoyance of meeting, as in the streets of London, that swarm of detested Protestants, and those creatures of the traitor Cromwell, who caused our King Charles the First to be beheaded."

The gentleman took off his hat as he pronounced this name, and the lady made an inclination of her head.

"I would wager," continued the father, "that it is because our child is a good Catholic, and son of an adherent of the Stuarts, that his schoolfellows have ill-treated him! The young ruffians! To insult him! He so intelligent! so full of talent already! To call him 'The hunchback!'"

At this word, the child started as though he had been stung by an adder. He quitted his mother's lap, and stood between her and his father.

"Yes," said he passionately, clinching his little fists; "they called me hunchback, and that in public, the day of the distribution of the school prizes, before their assembled parents. Oh! I am sure, father, that if you had been there, you would have drawn your sword. But you were travelling with my mother, and could not avenge your son."

As he spoke thus his little frame was convulsed with agitation, his eyes flashed fire, his

countenance shone with indignation; he looked really handsome.

"Calm yourself," said the mother; "you know well that they were jealous because you carried away all the prizes."

"Yes, they were jealous," continued the child, "especially of that eclogue of Theocritus which I had translated into English verse, and which my master wanted to make me recite in public. But when I approached the edge of the platform, dressed in that pretty shepherd's costume that my good aunt had taken such pains to make for me, and which I thought suited me so well, their voices formed a mocking murmur, and they all exclaimed: 'Oh! the little hunchback! the little hunchback!'"

"Silence! my child," said the mother; "you have already told us all that—do not repeat it; think no more of it; think of your good aunt whom we are going to meet in our pretty cottage at Binfield: she has prepared everything for your reception; she has placed in your chamber the books you love; she has added some birds recently arrived from India to your aviary; and then see, how beautiful is nature!" continued his mother, who had raised the carriage blinds, and was pointing out to the child the noble avenues of trees through which they were driv-

ing. "We shall find our flower-beds in full bloom, our sheep grazing peacefully on the grassy turf: our beautiful cows will come familiarly to eat bread from your hand. Come, smile then, my little poet, and forget those wicked boys!"

"You are right, dear mother," replied the child, with a grave and serious air. "I would also forget myself—that is to say, this deformed body which provokes a smile when I pass by. I would think only of the faculties of my soul and mind—develop them, cultivate them; I desire, in short, that the creations of my brain should one day raise me far above those who mock me now. To-morrow, father, we will begin to study seriously."

"Yes, my son," replied the gentleman. "I have written to our good and learned neighbour, the Rev. Mr. Dean, and between us we will thoroughly ground you in Greek and Latin."

"Yes, yes, so that I may be able to read all the poets of antiquity, and become a poet myself," replied the child, who had quite recovered his composure. "See!" he exclaimed, leaning out of the carriage window, "that frightened stag, that flies so swiftly at our approach, has taken refuge in those leafy thickets and has disappeared!"

Whilst the father and mother were superintending the unloading of the carriage and having the luggage carried in, she conducted the little Alexander to the poultry-yard, to the fish-pond, then to his pretty room adjoining hers, in order that she might be near him during the night; and finally, to the dining-room, where the table was covered with innumerable delicacies made by the fair hands of Miss Lydia herself, such as whipt cream, jellies, patties, open tarts, gingerbread cakes, and everything likely to tempt the capricious appetite of one who was at the same time an invalid and a schoolboy.

They placed themselves at the table, and Alexander, forgetting his visions of books and study, tasted and enjoyed with a keen appetite the various good things prepared for him by his kind aunt.

On the morrow, the Rev. Mr. Dean, an old college companion of our hero's father, and who lived retired on a neighbouring farm, was summoned to the cottage of Binfield. A council was held, and it was decided that the child's days should be divided between mental and bodily exercises: after the hours appropriated for study, he was to take long airings in the forest, either on foot, or else on a pretty little pony which his father had bought for him.

The child submitted to these excursions because he could, while taking them, compose verses and recite them aloud, alone with silent and attentive Nature, who seemed to listen to his rhapsodies. The verses of Homer and Virgil were those that he took especial delight in declaiming in this manner. He loved to wed the harmony of those beautiful antique languages to the melodious rustling of the tops of the tall trees.

A year had hardly passed in this calm and peaceful existence, and the child, fortified by constant exercise in the open air, showed, by the blooming colour in his cheeks, and the animation that sparkled in his eyes, that he was gaining health and almost strength. His figure alone remained thin and wasted; and when he happened to catch a glimpse of himself in a mirror, he would sorrowfully exclaim: "Oh! I shall be always the little hunchback;" but almost immediately after, recovering himself, he would proudly add, "Well! what matter, if I am a great poet?"

His imagination was so excited by the "Iliad" that he occupied himself, unknown to his tutor and his father, in dramatizing some of the personages in Homer's great work. It was thus at the age of twelve he wrote "Ajax," a tragedy in blank verse, a very wonderful imitation, for a boy of that age, of the style of the great Greek poet. When

he had finished this attempt, he read it one evening in presence of his assembled family, whose astonishment and admiration knew no bounds. His mother and aunt, in particular, gave vent to their enthusiasm in tears and caresses, which they lavished unrestrainedly upon the youthful poet.

"His birthday is near at hand," said the aunt; "and we must celebrate it in a manner worthy of this dear child, who will one day be the glory of his family."

The father proposed to invite all the families of the nobility residing in the neighbourhood, and to read to them on the anniversary of his son's birthday this tragedy of "Ajax."

The good minister, the mother, and the aunt applauded this idea.

"Father," replied the child, "that will be a very dull and lifeless affair. If our good pastor could procure among his acquaintances and pupils the necessary actors, would it not be better to convert this room into a theatre, and to act my tragedy? I myself will undertake the character of Ajax!"

"What an idea!" timidly exclaimed his mother.

"Oh, I understand you, dear mother," replied the child, with a tinge of sadness in his tone; 'you are afraid I should provoke a laugh: set

your mind at rest; my figure will be forgotten, my verses only will be heard, and this time, I feel so sure of myself, that I should like my old schoolfellows who made fun of me to be present at the representation."

The wishes of the child were never thwarted by his admiring family; it was therefore decided that a grand party should be given in the month of May, at the charming cottage of Binfield. The good clergyman undertook to superintend the rehearsals of the tragedy of "Ajax," the father to despatch the invitations, while to the worthy aunt was confided the care of seeing that the lunch was on a scale of magnificence in accordance with the aristocratic company invited. As for the tender and affectionate mother, she busied herself with anxious care in preparing the costume of "Ajax," in which her little Alexander was to be attired. She designed with much ingenuity a sort of sandal to add to his stature, and a kind of cuirass which should conceal the roundness of his shoulders.

The eventful day at length arrived, and along the broad drives of the majestic forest rolled carriages from all parts. The birds warbling in the branches of the trees seemed to carol a gay welcome to the guests. Not one of little Alexander's old schoolfellows but had accepted the

invitation. There were several distinguished noblemen, and many celebrated writers of the period, fair and courtly dames, and pretty, simpering misses. After partaking of a sumptuous repast, the company repaired to the wainscoted apartment that was fitted up as a temporary theatre, at one end of which a platform had been erected which served as a stage, and in front of which was suspended a rich curtain of Beauvais tapestry.

This curtain rose to the accompaniment of music, and discovered Ajax in his tent. The one who represented the Greek hero appeared rather slight and delicate in form, but he had no sooner opened his lips than he was listened to in breathless silence. The verses which he recited were an echo of the greatness and heroism of Homer: it was a new era in English poetry, which charmed the ear and ravished the heart.

The most distinguished persons among the spectators gave the signal for applause; little Alexander's old schoolfellows clapped their hands in their turn. It was a perfect triumph.

At the end of the piece there was a universal call for the author and the actor. He kept them a little in suspense, but the acclamations were redoubled. At length he reappeared, divested of his costume and of his stilted buskins; his head

was expressive and finely formed, but the meagreness of his frame and his deformity were painfully apparent; he turned towards the group of his former companions; "Alas!" he murmured, "I am still the little hunchback!"

"No, no," they all exclaimed with one accord, "you are a great poet!" And the entire assembly applauded to the echo, amid shouts of "Long live Alexander Pope!"

The forest echoes repeated the words, "Long live Alexander Pope!"

The subject of this story was born at London the 22nd of May, 1688, of a Catholic family, who entertained a devoted attachment to the Stuarts. During the Revolution, Pope's father retired to Binfield, a peaceful and beautiful retreat which he possessed in Windsor Forest. It was there that Pope was brought up, and that his great talent for poetry was developed. He had hitherto received his education in small preparatory schools, conducted by Catholic priests. But from the age of twelve, his father superintended his education, and encouraged his taste for poetry. He used to choose him subjects for small poems, and was prodigal of praise to him, when he had succeeded in producing some good verses. He was assisted in the task of educating his son by a Catholic priest of the name of Dean.

Pope was rickety and rather humpbacked from his birth; he was of an irritable temper, which led him to like solitude, and yet the world had charms for him. Acknowledged a poet at the age of sixteen, Pope repaired to London, where he extended the circle of his literary studies, and formed ties of friendship with some of the leading wits and geniuses of the day. It was at this tender age, when the minds of ordinary youths are yet unformed, that Alexander Pope published in Addison's "Spectator," and other periodicals, many of his best essays, and wrote some of his finest poems. He was in his twenty-fifth year when he commenced his translation of Homer's Iliad, which occupied him five years. Such was the success of the work, which went rapidly through a great number of editions, that he was enabled to purchase with its proceeds a beautiful country-house at Twickenham, whither he removed with his parents, to whom he was fondly attached, and for whom he entertained an almost religious respect. Pope afterwards undertook the translation of the Odyssey, and subsequently published "The Dunciad," a satirical poem, in which he gave full vent to his splenetic and irritable temper, and which made him many enemies. To this succeeded an ethical poem entitled an "Essay on Man," chiefly remarkable for its magnificent

eulogium of his noble patron, Lord Bolingbroke, who was also the friend of the great French philosopher, Voltaire.

Pope's health was always delicate, and his person small and slightly deformed, but his countenance was animated and expressive. He died at the age of fifty-five, lamented by many, and particularly by Lord Bolingbroke. His friends were few, although he valued the pure joys of friendship. One of his last sentences before his death was, "There is no merit save in virtue and friendship; and, in truth, friendship is itself a part of virtue."

School Friendship.

In the north of England, owing to the cheapness of living, education is obtained at a much cheaper rate than in the southern counties. Hence it arises that there are several boarding-schools, to which boys are sent in great numbers from London and sometimes from America and the West Indies. To one of these schools a boy was sent from the United States, about twelve years ago, under mysterious circumstances. He was well supplied with clothes, the expense of his board and education for two years in advance was paid, and an allowance of pocket-money placed at the discretion of the tutor. There was also an intimation given that before the two years were expired a second advance of money should be made. But there was not the slightest reference to any person in England, nor even the means of tracing the transatlantic connections of the boy. He was then about twelve years of age, and of a most sweet and agreeable disposition, which endeared him to everybody in the school. Two years elapsed, during which he rapidly improved in every branch of education, but no money arrived from his friends. Another year

had passed, during which the tutor had anxiously waited the remittance, but in vain. He knew not to whom to apply, and the boy could give him no assistance. The tutor, although at the head of a respectable boarding-school, was poor, and had a large family. He could not bear the idea of turning the boy from the school, and yet he could not afford to keep him. He then delicately intimated to him that he should remain six months longer, and if at the end of that period no intelligence arrived from his friends, it would then be necessary for him to think of some means of employment, assuring him of his best endeavours to serve him. The six months passed over and still no news came; and Henry, for such was the boy's name, must now be doomed to some servile employment. A bitter old maid, the sister of the schoolmaster's wife, who had taken a great dislike to Henry because everybody else liked him, urged that he should go out as errand boy to a bellows-maker. His schoolfellows, no sooner became acquainted with these circumstances and with the froward antipathy of old Bridget to our young hero, than they met together, and having talked the matter well over, sent a deputation to the tutor entreating him still to suffer their friend and much-loved schoolmate to remain at school for another year, and offered to give up the whole of their pocket-money

towards his support. The tutor was affected by so generous an offer on the part of his scholars, and declared that could he but receive one half of the usual charge of board and education he would be satisfied. Then commenced a struggle among the boys who should be first in these subscriptions. Their little savings were collected, and many who had no money sold their playthings and instruments of amusement to contribute to the benevolent and praiseworthy object. On the approaching vacation the boys related the circumstance of poor Henry's misfortune to their friends, and thus received additional means of serving him. For two years he was thus kept at school when his father, who had intrusted his son to an agent, returned to England, paid the generous tutor all his demands, and being a man of considerable wealth and influence, was enabled to repay many of the boys for their kindness. He gave each a handsome memorial in silver, and was afterwards instrumental in obtaining mercantile situations for many of them, from which they rose to respectability and opulence. The boy is now in business with his father, who is one of the most wealthy and respectable merchants in Quebec.

The Little Drummer-Boy.

In the year 1794 the Emperor of Russia made war against the Poles, a brave people who were fond of liberty and of their own king and constitution; but the tyrannical Czar, who, as all the potentates of that semi-barbarous power, hated liberty and independence, with the aid of the Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia, determined to crush Polish liberty, and to divide the kingdom of Poland amongst those three powers. They accordingly assembled large armies, and entered the country of the Poles, laying waste all with fire and sword, till at last they came to Warsaw. To this they laid siege, investing it on every side with troops and batteries of guns. But the brave Poles held out for many months, and the Russians, although in very great force, could make no impression upon the town, as it was bravely defended by the Polish soldiers, who had resolved to perish in the ruins of their fortresses rather than surrender themselves to their enemies. At last the Russians began to despair of taking the place, for the Poles had made several sorties and killed a

great many of the Russians, although a considerable number of their own soldiers were left dead upon the field. At last the Russians thought of an expedient:—they collected the clothes of the Polish soldiers they had slain, which made them look like Russians. They then took the advantage of another sortie made by the Poles, and when they retired into the town they followed them in their disguise. They had spared the life of a poor Polish drummer-boy, Alexis Spakumen, and made him play at the head of the disguised soldiers a Polish war march, such as the troops usually played. This he continued to do till he came close to the fort protecting the gates of the town, and those of the fort ran to open the great gates for their friends, as they thought, to enter. The poor little drummer-boy saw the danger, and knew that there was but one way to save many lives, and that was by the sacrifice of his own. At once he made a change in the tune, and beat the "Alarm," in the hopes that his countrymen would understand it. The "Alarm" was too well understood by them to be unheeded, and Alexis beat it with all his might. The gates were closed; the cannon opened their fire; the Russians retreated, and the fort was saved. The brave little drummer-boy knew what his fate would be. He had foreseen his own death when he beat the "Alarm."

But he was ready to die for his country. Exasperated at the failure of their enterprise, the Russians closed round him, and by the fierce thrusts of many swords he fell. But his friends were safe; and in the moments of his agony he exclaimed, "I have lost my life, but I have saved my countrymen!" He was a true hero. His short life was one of real glory; for the fear of pain and the dread of a cruel death did not make him shrink from his duty.

There is a great pleasure in life as well as in death in knowing that we have done our duty. This was the aim of the great Duke of Wellington. He was only satisfied at doing his duty; he cared little for the world's opinion or the world's glory. It was the same in Nelson. His great motto at the commencement of one of his greatest naval battles was—"England expects every man to do his duty."

Let us do ours in whatever situation we may be placed; for this is the substance of all religion, and highly pleasing in the sight of God.

Mozart, the Young Musician.

In the year 1770, Pope Clement XIV. was officiating in the Sistine Chapel, surrounded by his cardinals, and a numerous body of priests. The chapel was filled with high dignitaries, foreign ambassadors, and other distinguished persons. The people who had not been able to gain access to this reserved portion of the sacred edifice, crowded into the immense basilica of St. Peter, whence the distant sound of the chanting could be heard. In the Sistine Chapel, the most celebrated singers were performing the marvellous *Miserere* of Allegri, an effort of religious genius so fine, so touching, and of a character so purely sacred, that it seems to have been transmitted to the composer by some divine inspiration.

As the service proceeded, hundreds of yellow wax tapers shed their pale religious light on the grand fresco by Michael Angelo, who also painted the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel with magnificent frescoes. The eyes of the multitude were turned to the masterpiece of the artist over the great altar, and gazed upon it with admiration not unmixed

with terror. One only, a child of from twelve to fourteen years of age, of a tall and slender figure and intelligent countenance, with a high and open forehead and eyes of a bright clear blue, which sparkled from under his powdered hair, appeared to pay no attention to the fresco so marvellously lit up. With head erect, and somewhat thrown back, beaming eyes, listening ears, and mouth smiling and half open as if to drink in the sweet sounds of music, everything in this child expressed the liveliest and most profound attention. He was absorbed in the harmony of sweet sounds.

Placed by the side of the Austrian ambassador, the child who was thus listening stood motionless, like one petrified. He was somewhat fantastically attired in salmon-coloured silk breeches, green velvet coat lined with white satin and adorned with silver buttons, laced frill and buckled shoes. As the last notes of the *Miserere* died away, the child seemed to arouse himself like one awakening from a dream. He then made what seemed a sign of assent to himself, and quitted the church hand-in-hand with one of the secretaries of the Austrian embassy. If he had been motionless a moment since, he was dumb now, for he did not appear to hear the remarks his companion made concerning the beauty of the religious ceremony they had just witnessed. Arrived at the ambassador's

palace, the boy hastily ascended to the room he occupied, and began to trace signs unintelligible to any but himself on a ruled copybook, which lay open on his desk.

That evening, at the ambassador's table, the conversation fell on the religious service of the day, and of the wonderful effect which the *Miserere* of Allegri had produced.

"What a pity," said the Austrian ambassador, "that the whole world should not be made acquainted with this sublime composition! The music is moralizing—nay, entrancing, in its very sadness; those who hear it must dread to incur the agonies it so powerfully describes."

"You should make use of that argument with his Holiness," replied the ambassador of France, who was dining with him, "to obtain a copy of that sacred work."

"All our arguments would be useless," replied the other. "It is more than a hundred years since that music was composed by Allegri, and never has it been heard anywhere than within the walls of the Sistine Chapel; neither kings nor emperors have been able to obtain it from the popes who have succeeded each other; and their answer to the royal requests has invariably been that this composition formed part of the sacred possessions of St. Peter."

A proud smile curled the lip of the child in the green velvet coat who was dining at the ambassador's table.

The next day being Good Friday, at the hour of service, the same child might have been seen in the same place listening again to the famous *Miserere*. But this time his head, instead of being raised in contemplation, was sunk upon his breast, his eyes were cast down, and were reading as if by stealth in his hat which he held in his hand, and in the crown of which he had concealed a copy-book. He was observed by a cardinal, who from that moment never ceased to watch his movements.

In the evening there was a grand concert at the Villa Borghese. The palace and the gardens were illuminated, and the lamps, suspended like golden fruit from the branches of the trees, vied with the stars in dazzling lustre. Marble statues gleamed among the shrubberies, resembling in their partial concealment timid beings listening to the melodious sounds of music that floated through the open windows of the saloons. To the songs succeeded pieces of instrumental music. Suddenly there was a rush of all the company to one of the galleries, whence the sound of some preludes on the harpsichord, executed by a practised hand, proceeded. "It is he! it is he!" was buzzed around; "it is

the wonder of Germany!" and every one pointed to the child in the velvet coat who was meditating in the morning in the Sistine Chapel. The Austrian ambassador stood by his side, encouraging him with a look. All at once, after a prelude upon the instrument, the child's voice rose, and he intoned with surprising power and sweetness the *Miserere* of Allegri. It had never been given with greater truth and precision. All the visitors were speechless with surprise and admiration. Some exclaimed that it was a miracle, while others whispered that it was a downright robbery and profanation.

"To know this music so perfectly, he must have written it down while they were performing it," was observed by several.

"Yes, he did write it down," exclaimed a cardinal; the same who in the morning had watched the child in the Sistine Chapel.

"Is your Eminence quite sure of this?" asked the Austrian ambassador, who, holding the young musician by the hand, approached the cardinal.

"Well, I thought I saw him," murmured his Eminence.

"You saw me read, my lord, and not write," respectfully, but confidently, replied the child.

"But you were reading what you had previously written, no doubt."

"Yes, I wrote it from memory."

"From memory! impossible! for there is not a single note missing. What we have just heard is the copy, note for note, of the *Miserere* of Allegri."

"Doubtless, my lord," replied the child modestly, "and what is more simple? That music made so deep an impression on my mind, that every bar of it is impressed on it. That is the truth, my lord."

The company appeared very much surprised. The princes and high dignitaries surrounded the child and overwhelmed him with congratulations and compliments. But a few cross-grained individuals contented themselves with muttering:—

"He ought, though, to be forbidden to play that music, and above all, to transcribe it. And how is that to be done?"

"The Pope must decide," said the cardinal; "for my part, I do not believe in such a memory."

On the morrow this young genius was summoned to the Vatican: the Pope had expressed a wish to see him. He crossed with a light and silent step those vast and magnificent apartments which the master-hand of Raphael has decorated, and his haughty and intelligent blue eye stopped to gaze admiringly on the immortal frescoes of the *great* Italian painter.

After having waited for some time in one of the ante-rooms, he was at length introduced into the Pope's presence. Two attachés from the Austrian embassy followed him. Clement XIV. extended to him his ring to kiss, and said to him in a benevolent tone—

"Is it true, my child, that this sacred anthem, reserved hitherto exclusively for the service of our Sistine Chapel, was engraven on your memory at the first hearing?"

"It is the truth, holy father."

"And how can that be?"

"Doubtless by the permission of God," ingenuously replied the young musician.

"Yes, all genius comes from God," replied the holy father, "and you are evidently, my son, one of his elect. If it has been God's will that you should miraculously appropriate this anthem, it is a proof, no doubt, that you are destined to create for the church others as sublime and grand. Go, then, in peace, my child." And he gave him his benediction; to which were added, by his orders, some costly presents.

This wonderfully gifted child was Wolfgang Amedée Mozart, who was born at Saltzbourg on the 26th of January, 1756. At the age of three, he was taught the rudiments of music by his father, and he had hardly attained the age of six,

when he executed some sonatas on the harpsichord before the Emperor, Francis I. of Austria, who called him his Little Magician, took him under his powerful protection, and even permitted him to share the sports of the Archduchess Marie Antoinette, then a child. Mozart visited France in 1762, and played the organ before King Louis the Sixteenth in the chapel of Versailles. The year following he went to England, where he was greatly patronized by George the Third, who, passionately fond of music, delighted in encouraging the talent of the young German. After travelling through the Netherlands and Holland, he returned to Saltzbourg, where he devoted himself entirely to the study of his beautiful art. In 1798, at the age of twelve, he wrote a complete opera by desire of the Emperor, Joseph the Second. Two years afterwards he visited Italy, whence he wrote one day from Bologna the following letter, admirable for a boy of his age:—

"I am the same as ever—always gay. To-day I took a fancy to mount an ass, which being the fashion in Italy, I thought I might as well make the attempt. We have the honour to be associated here with a certain Dominican, who passes for a saint. For my part I do not put much faith in his sanctity, because I see him breakfast first on a good cup of chocolate topped with a large bumper of

Spanish wine. I have had the pleasure of dining in company with this saint, who drinks wine bravely all through the repast, winding up with a large glass of the strongest wine, with two good slices of melon, with peaches, pears, five cups of coffee, a plate of little biscuits, and, perhaps, a cream. But, may be, he does all this by way of penance; yet I find it hard to believe; it would be too much at a time, and then, besides his dinner, he takes such good care of his supper."

During his travels in Italy, in the course of which we have just met him at Rome, giving such striking proofs of his precocious genius, Mozart remained for some time at Bologna, where he was introduced to the *Maestro* Martini, who was very celebrated for his knowledge of the science of counterpoint. This consummate harmonist was confounded, to use his own expression, at the flashes of genius that emanated from that youthful brain, and he confidently predicted for him the fame that subsequently awaited him.

The Philharmonic Society of Bologna, desirous of admitting the young German as a member of their body, subjected him to the trial invariably imposed upon candidates. He was shut up in a room, where he found the theme of a four-part fugue. In half an hour the piece was composed, and Mozart received his diploma. No one at his

age had ever before obtained this mark of distinction.

From Bologna he went to the Court of Tuscany, where the grand duke loaded him with honours and presents. The beautiful picture-gallery of the ancient palace of the Medicis resounded with his music, and it seemed as if he drew fresh inspiration from the presence of these master-pieces of the sister-art. He surpassed himself. Never had his improvisations been more sublime. He had found an atmosphere worthy of himself. Like those bright-plumed birds of the tropics, who warble their songs amid the triple lustre of gaudy flowers, dazzling light, and murmuring waters, so did the young musician pour forth his strains amid marbles, pictures, and the soothing and captivating luxury of a court, friendly to arts and letters.

But his greatest and most singular triumph was at Naples. There the people could not bring themselves to believe in the natural and in-born genius of the gifted boy. Enthusiasm changed to superstition. Some said that his magic talent was the effect of a talisman. The mystery that man's pride failed to penetrate was referred to occult science. Do not smile, young reader; this is one of the consequences of the weakness of the human mind. Those who at Naples lis-

tened to the young Mozart, not being capable of comprehending, and still less of equalling him, found a sort of vain consolation in crying out "Witchcraft!" On his return to Germany, he formed a close friendship with the great composers Gluck and Haydn. He then revisited Paris, and finally settled at Vienna, where he died before he had attained his thirty-sixth year. His lamentable decease took place on the 5th of December, 1791. "I die," he sorrowfully said, "just as I was about to enjoy my labours; I am forced to renounce my art when I could have given myself up to it entirely; when, after having triumphed over all obstacles, I was going to write according to the dictates of my heart."

Mozart's riper years had not, however, betrayed the promise of his glorious childhood. As we cannot follow him through his brilliant, though brief, career, or bestow more than a cursory glance on his superb operas of "Mithridate" (composed in his sixteenth year), "Il Flauto Magico," "La Clemenza di Tito," "Le Nozze di Figaro," and "Don Giovanni"—to say nothing of symphonies, sonatas, and valses without number—we will only add that it was closed by a religious composition, the world-famous "Requiem." The genius of Allegri, which had inspired his boyhood, seemed to smile upon him at

the close of his earthly career. With trembling hand and failing voice he put the last touches to this funereal anthem, and requested that it might be sung at his grave. An hour before his death, as he was looking over it for the last time, "Ah!" he exclaimed, "said I not rightly that it was for my own obsequies I was composing this dirge?"

Reuben Percy.

INGENIOUS EXPLOIT ON THE ICE.

In the winter of 1720, as a number of boys were skating on a lake in a remote part of Yorkshire, the ice happened to break at a considerable distance from the shore, and one of them unfortunately fell in. No house was near where ropes or the assistance of more aged hands could be procured, and the boys were afraid to venture forward to save their struggling companion, from a natural dread that where the ice had given way it might give way again, and involve more of them in jeopardy. In this alarming emergency, one of them, Reuben Percy, of more sagacity than the rest, suggested an experiment, which, for its scientific conception, would have done honour to the boyhood of a Watt or a Ferguson. He might, probably, remember having seen that, while a plank, placed perpendicularly on the ice, will break through, the same plank, if laid horizontally along the ice, will be firmly borne, and afford a safe footing; and applying, with great

ingenuity and presence of mind, the obvious principle of this method to the danger before them, he proposed to his companions that they should lay themselves flat upon the ice, in a line, one behind the other, and each push forward the boy before him till they reached the hole where their playmate was still plunging; heroically volunteering himself as the first link to the chain. The plan was instantly adopted; and, to the great joy of the boy and their gallant leader, they succeeded in rescuing their companion from a watery grave, at a moment when, overcome by terror and exhaustion, he was unable to make another effort to save himself. This Reuben Percy became famous in after life, and was not only remarkable for quick expedient and ingenuity, but also for his noble and generous qualities of heart, which won for him on the judicial bench the admiration of all his contemporaries and the public at large.

Turenne, the Little Soldier.

On a certain evening all was bustle and confusion in the Castle of Sedan. The Duchess of Bouillon had just been supping with her youngest son, Henry of Turenne, and the Chevalier de Vassignac, preceptor to the child. The Duke of Bouillon, his father, sovereign prince of Sedan, had remained upon the ramparts of that town to give orders to the garrison. After supper, little Henry, who was scarcely nine years old, led the conversation to the subject of war, and the lives of the Greek and Roman heroes, which his preceptor had been reading and discussing with him. He was talking eagerly of their exploits and adventures, and telling his mother that he longed to imitate them. Why should he remain inactive? Why be content with knowing glory only through the medium of historians and poets?

His mother listened admiringly, and yet timidly, to these proofs of her son's adventurous spirit. This conversation was prolonged to a late hour of the evening. The child accompanied his animated language with gesture and action, and at times

urged his preceptor to join him in simulating some attack or defence of a strong place; and when the Chevalier de Vassignac grew weary of this sport, "Oh! why is not my father here!" the young Henry would exclaim; "he is never tired of playing with me. Why is he not coming back this evening?"

"He will sleep in the garrison," replied the Duchess of Bouillon; "and in this bitter snow-storm which is falling so heavily, I fear that his inspection of the ramparts will be a very painful task."

"How I wish I were with him!" exclaimed Henry; "that is the way to learn to be a soldier."

"Age will come soon enough," replied his mother; "and in the mean time, Henry, go to bed; it is quite time."

"Good-night, mother," said the young Viscount, with a thoughtful air.

The Duchess embraced her son, whom a servant preceded, torch in hand. His preceptor followed him; they ascended the staircase which led from the saloon to the chamber of Henry, which was reached by a long passage. They had proceeded about half-way along this passage, when the young Turenne, leaning on the shoulder of the domestic who was preceding him, blew out the torch, tripped past his preceptor, and sped like an arrow

down the staircase, across the dining-room, the entrance hall, and out at a door which led to the garden and grounds. The snow lay thick upon the country round, soft and white as a carpet of ermine. The young fugitive was not long in reaching the ramparts of Sedan, adjoining the castle, made himself known to the sentinel on duty at one of the gates, and, telling him he wanted to speak with his father, entered the town.

Meanwhile the Duchess of Bouillon, attracted by the voice of her son's preceptor, who was bursting with laughter at this fresh outbreak on the part of the little madcap, ran towards the place whence the noise proceeded, followed by several attendants. They called vainly upon Henry of Turenne; they sought for him from hall to hall, room to room, in the galleries, on the roof, in the most distant corners of the castle. The idea even occurred to M. de Vassignac to imitate the shouts and cries of a warlike attack in the hope of attracting him; but the echoes of the old castle alone responded to the now terrified preceptor and the half-distracted mother.

"Perhaps he is gone out into the fields!" suddenly exclaimed the Duchess, struck by one of those instinctive presentiments which are a sort of second-sight with mothers.

Just as she pronounced these words, they reached the door by which young Turenne had escaped. "Look at this door left open!" eagerly exclaimed the Duchess: "it is through that, I am sure, that he has quitted the castle."

"Exactly so, my lady; here are the prints of his little feet," said an attendant, lowering his torch towards the snow-covered ground.

"Oh, the unfortunate child! where has he gone?" said the preceptor. "What is to be done? —where seek for him?"

"This is no time for deliberation," replied the Duchess, "but for action, M. de Vassignac; my son must be found! Come, let us set forward, my friends!"

And she placed herself at the head of her attendants to conduct the search.

"No, my lady," they exclaimed. "It will never do for your ladyship to go out on such a bitter cold night. We will bring you back our young master; leave it to us."

"Yes, leave it to us, my lady," said the Chevalier de Vassignac; "I will conduct them." The Duchess of Bouillon only yielded with great difficulty to their united entreaties; and, in spite of the supplications of her women, she would not be persuaded to quit a high terrace, from the top of which she could perceive at a distance the

torches of those who were hastening in search of her child. The troop of domestics, stimulated by M. de Vassignac, who had assumed the command, advanced towards the ramparts of Sedan, almost blinded by the snow, which was falling in thick flakes, and had obliterated the footprints of the fugitive.

M. de Vassignac also made himself known to the sentinels, and obtained permission to enter the town; but the gate by which he entered with the attendants was not the same which Henry had passed through, so that when he inquired of the sentry whether he had seen the son of the Duke of Bouillon pass, the latter could give him no information. "We must go to the head-quarters where the Duke sleeps," said de Vassignac to the attendants; "there we shall perhaps find our young master, and if he is not there, his father will aid us in our search and inquiries."

The approach of the servants carrying torches caused a great commotion at the quarters where the Duke was passing the night. The officers were almost on the point of imagining some nocturnal attack, and the Duke of Bouillon himself appeared in arms in the outer court. On perceiving the Chevalier de Vassignac, he exclaimed—"What has happened? The Duchess—my son!—has any danger befallen them?"

The Chevalier told him what was the matter.

"I will wager that this young scapegrace is on the ramparts, in one of the guard-houses, listening to some camp story," said the Duke, who knew the bent of his son's mind. "Come, my friends, let us find him."

So saying, he placed himself at their head, taking the arm of the preceptor. At the first watch-fire they came to, and round which several soldiers of the guard were seated, the officer on duty said to him—"We have seen him, my lord; we thought he was either preceding or following you; he asked us a few questions concerning the defence of fortified places, armaments, and ordnance, and then quitted us, saying—'I wish to go the round of the ramparts.'"

The Duke and those who escorted him proceeded on their way. At the next guard-house, he was again told: "The young Viscount of Turenne passed about three-quarters of an hour ago; he warmed himself at our fire; tasted the wine from our flasks; then said 'Forward!' and set off at full speed."

"We shall overtake him," said the father, reassured by these words, and he continued his round of the ramparts.

At the third guard-house the reply was—"It is not a quarter of an hour since he was here. Our

old sergeant was relating to us some of the sanguinary conflicts in the time of the League, and the young Viscount, your son, my lord,—your gallant son,—stood listening wonder-struck, and exclaimed, 'I wish I had been there!'"

"Brave boy!" murmured the Duke.

"He only quitted us when the narrator was overpowered with fatigue, and fell asleep by the warm ashes. As he left us, your son said, 'I shall now go and see what is going on at the other guard-house.'"

The father set out again in quest of his son. As the Duke passed out, he laid his hand caressingly upon the cannon: "They sleep now," said he, "but they will awake as soon as the enemy appears."

All at once something seemed to move in the shadow of one of them. "Is it a soldier leaning on his gun?" exclaimed the Duke of Bouillon. The attendants approached with their torches, and the Duke instantly recognized his son, who was sleeping on the snow-girt cannon, as peacefully as he would have done in his own little bed.

A proud smile overspread the face of the Duke of Bouillon as he recognized his son. "Alarm! alarm! The enemy!" he exclaimed, suddenly extinguishing the torches, and pulling the young Henry by the leg.

"The enemy!" repeated young Turenne, only

half awake. "Well, let them come,—I am prepared!"

And he placed himself in a martial attitude. His father threw his arms round him, exclaiming —"Prisoner! prisoner of war!"

"You, father! you!" said the young Viscount, recognizing the voice.

"Yes, yes! You do not reflect, little runaway, on the uneasiness of your mother during this fine frolic of yours; and pray why, and with what object, have you thus fled from the castle?"

"I wanted, father, by sleeping in the open air this freezing night, to expose myself to the fatigues and hardships of war, and to see if I should soon be able to make my first campaign under your command."

The father embraced his son.

"Come forward, prisoner," said he, laughingly; "here is my arm for a chain, and I shall not let you go until your mother imprisons you in her turn."

"In her arms, also," replied the child, kissing his father's forehead.

The attendants hastily returned to the castle. The Duke of Bouillon and his son followed them at a rapid pace, and behind them came the preceptor, breathlessly making his way over the snow. As soon as they were within ear-shot, they

shouted—"Here he is! here he is! We have brought you back the fugitive."

The Duchess ran to meet them. She threw herself into the arms of her husband and son. Tears choked her voice. She would fain have reproved the child, but her heart failed her.

"His vocation is decided," said the Duke, when they were alone: "it would be useless to oppose it further."

"But his delicate health!" objected the mother.

"Nothing so strengthening as the air of the camp," replied the Duke: "our son will live, Duchess; and I foresee that he will be an honour to our family."

Henry of Turenne was at that time a weak and sickly child, with a slight figure, narrow chest, and pale and delicate features. His dark eyes shone brightly, and the thick eyebrows that overshadowed them, imparted a tinge of thought to his countenance. His mother always trembled for his life, and dreaded the profession of arms for him. It was therefore in order to prove his strength that he ventured on the frolic I have just related.

About the same time an officer, an old friend of his father, was dining at the castle. Henry had been spending the day reading the Grecian his-

tory. His whole mind was full of Alexander, and he could talk of nothing but his exploits. The old officer, delighted to hear him, still took a pleasure in exciting and contradicting him.

"Your Plutarch is only a romance writer," he exclaimed; "there is nothing true in that life of Alexander."

"Why?" inquired the child.

"Because all bears the stamp of the marvellous."

"The great and the heroic always seem fabulous to those who cannot appreciate them," replied the child, his eyes flashing; "for my part, I believe in the life of Alexander."

The Duchess of Bouillon, wishing to try him further, took part with the officer. "This gentleman is in the right, nevertheless," said she; "all that glorious life is only a tissue of imaginary adventures."

"With all respect to you, mother, I cannot agree with you," replied the child. "I feel that Alexander existed; that he performed great actions; and it even seems to me that I must in some way be connected with him."

"By a distant ancestor," replied his mother, with a smile.

"Who knows?"

"My little friend," interposed the old officer, "you are sharp at contradiction."

"I am so for what I believe; and neither you nor my mother have succeeded in convincing me." And he quitted the apartment with a haughty and defiant air, after having said good-night.

"He will be somewhat hard to manage," murmured the officer to himself.

It was supposed that the offended boy had retired to his own room, but when the old officer, who slept that night at the castle, withdrew to his, he found there Henry, who, advancing to meet him, said with head erect and an air of wounded dignity—"You have just now hurt my feelings, sir, in the person of a hero whom I love: I replied to you in a manner to let you see that the affair was serious, and now offer and demand reparation."

"I am quite prepared to give it," replied the officer, concealing a paternal smile; "but our meeting must be a secret one on account of your mother, who would be sure to oppose it."

"Yes, sir," replied Henry, "we will meet secretly! This duel shall take place to-morrow at daybreak in the park, at the foot of the three great elms. Will that arrangement suit you?"

"Perfectly; I will be there."

They bowed courteously to each other, and Henry retired to his bed, first informing his preceptor that he wished to rise at dawn of day, to

hunt in the park. The preceptor, not daring to contradict him, went and informed his mother.

At daybreak, Henry, equipped apparently for the chase, set forth with two swords concealed beneath his coat.

"Good morning, Chevalier," said he to M. de Vassignac, who occupied the same room; "you can have another hour's sleep; and by the time you rejoin me, I shall have sprung the game;" and he fled without waiting for a reply.

As he proceeded on his way towards the appointed place, he perceived the old officer repairing thither by another pathway. They exchanged a haughty salute, and, arriving at the foot of the tall elms, they doffed their coats, drew their swords, and prepared to attack each other.

At this moment a white shadow glided behind the foliage. "Some stag who wishes to witness our passage of arms," said the officer, jestingly.

"Let us begin!" exclaimed Henry, impatient for the fight. But as he spoke, he felt a warm breath on his face, and a light hand checked his arm.

"You, mother!" said he, turning round.

"I, who am come to be your second," replied the Duchess, embracing him. "You were right, my child, Alexander is a real hero; Quintus Curtius says nothing but the truth."

"Which is as much as to say, mother, that this duel is just, and that I ought to continue it."

And he brandished his sword anew.

"Unless," replied the Duchess, "our friend confesses he was in the wrong, and makes thus a double reparation to you and to Alexander."

"I prefer the duel," said Henry, earnestly.

"But why?" said the Duchess, with a smile. "To bring an enemy to capitulation is as glorious as his death!"

"Hum! I am not quite sure of that," murmured Henry. "What think you, sir?" said he, turning towards his adversary.

"I think that you will be a brave fellow," exclaimed the officer, embracing him with much emotion, "and that Alexander might well be one of your ancestors. And in the mean time, until we have discovered this lost genealogy, come, my child, and let me conduct you to your father and tell him all this."

Henry suffered himself to be led away, but he could not help murmuring to himself; "For all that, it would have been very nice to have had a little fighting."

Born with these warlike instincts, Turenne was none the less, during his long and glorious military career, the most compassionate and generous of men.

He first saw the light in Sedan, the 16th of

September, 1611, and was the second son of Henry, Duke of Bouillon, and of Elizabeth of Nassau, daughter of William I., Prince of Orange.

From his childhood his only taste was for tales of war and fighting. When he had attained his thirteenth year, his mother, yielding to his entreaties, sent him to Holland, where her eldest son already was, to learn the profession of arms under Maurice of Nassau, his uncle.

Turenne made his first campaign in 1625, as a simple soldier. After serving five years in Holland, he entered the service of France, and was appointed colonel of a regiment of infantry by Cardinal Richelieu. He afterwards served in Italy, where he performed many gallant actions, and both there and in Germany gained several victories. At the age of twenty-three he became field-marshal, and at the death of Louis XIII., in 1643, was appointed Marshal of France by the Regent, Anne of Austria: in this year he gained the battle of Fribourg, in conjunction with the Duke of Enghein, afterwards the great Condé. In the civil wars of the Fronde he at first took part against the court and the King; but he afterwards became reconciled to the royal party, defended the young King, Louis XIV., and defeated the great Condé, who commanded the rebels. He compelled him to quit France, and

conquered the army of the Fronde in all parts of the kingdom in 1653. He married the daughter of the Duke de la Force; and in 1654 he gained several victories over the Spaniards with the Prince of Condé at their head, and routed them in several engagements. At length the peace of 1659 allowed him an interval of repose after thirty years' incessant warfare, during which he had never sojourned more than three months in the same place. Hostilities being renewed, he was appointed marshal-general of all the armies at the period of the marriage of Louis XIV., whom he had the honour of instructing in the art of war. In 1671 he made the campaign of Holland, and afterwards that of Westphalia. He defeated the celebrated Count of Montecuculi, who was sent against him, and made himself the master of all the Palatinate, which, to his lasting disgrace, he ravaged. His return to Paris and the court was a veritable triumph. In the campaign of 1675, which was his last, he was again opposed to the Count of Montecuculi, at Salzbach. He drew the enemy to a favourable position, and just as he was saying, "I have them, they cannot escape me!" a cannon-ball killed him, on the 27th of July, 1675, the soldiers exclaiming, "Our father is dead!" The same shot carried away an arm of General St. Hilary, who had

led Turenne to this fatal spot, and who, seeing his son shedding tears, exclaimed, "It is not for me that you should weep, but for that great man!" pointing to the body of Turenne.

Turenne was interred in St. Denis, at Paris, with the Kings of France, and the army raised a monument to his glory on the very spot where he fell.

The Courageous Boy.

In the month of October, 1811, the sloop "Fame," of Carron, in Stirlingshire, was captured by a French privateer off the coast of Northumberland. The crew were transferred to the French vessel, to be carried as prisoners to France, with the exception of an old man and a boy who were left on board the sloop with six Frenchmen, to steer it to a French port.

Soon after the ships had parted, the sloop was overtaken by a severe storm, which drove her to the mouth of the Firth of Forth, with the navigation of which the Frenchmen, as well as the old man, were unacquainted. The night being dark, and oil and candles being expended or thrown overboard, the compass was useless.

The men in despair allowed the vessel to go before the wind. The boy, who was only thirteen years of age, had made one or two voyages before, and having observed something of the neighbouring coasts and lights, he recognized the peculiar beacon-light on the Island of Inchkeith, which lies in the middle of the Forth.

He took the helm and steered accordingly till he got the vessel to St. Margaret's Hope, where he knew there was a British man-of-war. On approaching that vessel he called to its crew to send a party on board, as he had six prisoners to deliver. The Frenchmen, intimidated and glad to be saved from the storm, made no effort to escape. When the party came from the war vessel they actually found the six Frenchmen already made prisoners by the boy, who had gathered all arms beside him. The ship and cargo were thus saved for their owners, and the boy Martin was taken notice of by the commander of the English man-of-war. He entered as a volunteer into the naval service, and displaying his presence of mind on several occasions, was made lieutenant, and afterwards rose to the rank of commodore to the British fleet in the West Indies.

Boyhood of the Great Colbert.

JEAN BAPTISTE COLBERT was a most celebrated French minister of finance. He was born at Rheims, in France, in very inferior circumstances, being the son of a cloth-seller, and some time wine merchant. He was taken from school at an early age, and put to the trade of his father, for whom he acted as traveller, and made journeys from his native town to various ports of France for the purpose of selling merchandize, and of bringing home the traders' outstanding accounts. He commenced this business when he was only in his fifteenth year, and, as was the custom in France at that time, he travelled on horseback, and frequently carried in his pockets considerable sums of money. On one occasion he was travelling from Paris back to his house at Rheims, having collected the debts due to his father, and being anxious not to be another day away from his mother, for whom he had the greatest affection, he determined upon pushing through the forest D'Abley, although the day had considerably declined, and the sun was setting behind the hills. Pushing on his hardy

horse at the top of his speed, he made rapid way till he came to a small ford, which he had no sooner crossed than he beheld a mounted highwayman fully armed, riding along the narrow way that led from the river's brink to the mountains. "Stand!" said the highwayman in a fierce voice. But instead of stopping, or even replying, young Colbert put spurs to his horse and passed the thief at a full gallop. For a moment the fellow was confounded at the sudden movement, but wheeling round his horse and grasping his pistol, he rode furiously after the youth. His horse being fresh and full of spirit, he very soon came up with him, and exasperated at his defiance, fired at him without further parley. The first shot did not take effect, but the second struck Colbert's horse in the neck, which, after running a few paces further, stumbled, fell—got up again, stumbled a second time, and fell dead. "Give me your money, or I will have your life," roared the highwayman, drawing a large dagger from his girdle; "give me your money instantly, or I will kill you." Colbert, without hesitation, took from his pocket a handful of silver and scattered it on the ground, then a few gold pieces, which he threw in the roadway. "Take all I have, but spare my life!" he ejaculated, and threw himself on his knees. The robber, seeing the money scattered on the

road, and the youth in a defenceless position, dismounted to gather up the money. In a moment Colbert sprang upon the robber's steed, and clapping spurs to him, was out of sight before the thief had time to recover himself from his astonishment. The youth rode as quickly as his new horse would carry him, and never broke rein till he reached his own door. Upon searching the saddle-bags there were found more than fifty pieces of gold and three times that number of dollars, besides some notes or paper securities; in all, more than ten times the amount Colbert had scattered upon the road as a bait to the robber.

Of course the clever deed was soon noised abroad. It so happened that Le Tellier, secretary of state to Louis XIV., was then at Rheims, and hearing of the feat of the youth, expressed a desire to see him. When brought into his presence the minister accosted him by observing that he had saved his life by a very dexterous and happy thought. "I never thought of my life," replied Colbert; "my thoughts were all about my father's money. I was considering for a moment how I should replace that which I was forced to give up. There was only one way, and that an easy one; and so I took it."

"The boy will make a capital financier," thought Le Tellier; and he asked him if he

would like to go into the service of the state to study accounts.

Colbert replied, "The affairs of the state are so bad, that to take any account of them would only make them worse." This struck Le Tellier as somewhat sagacious; for indeed the King's exchequer was at that time in a deplorable condition. "The boy knows something," thought he; and he did not suffer him to leave the apartment till he had secured his services.

Le Tellier was right: the youth had prodigious talents, and bold and clever expedients. His patron soon made him known to Cardinal Mazarin, who, when Colbert was only twenty-five years old, availed himself of his assistance in the financial affairs of the kingdom, and introduced him to the King, who immediately made a post for him under the title of *Controleur Général*, and set him to investigate the monetary affairs of the kingdom. Colbert found fraud, disorder, and corruption prevailing everywhere; the revenues anticipated for two years, and the treasury empty. But in a few years he restored the credit of the kingdom; and, what was most extraordinary in those days, he increased the revenues of the kingdom, and at the same time decreased the public burdens. In fact, he did in the seventeenth century what Sir Robert Peel and Mr. Gladstone have accomplished in our

own day—improved the revenue of his country by a fair and moderate system of taxation. To his talents, activity, and enlarged views, France owed the rapid progress then made in various branches of industry and commerce. Placed at the head of the French exchequer, Colbert replaced disorder and dearth by order and abundance. He put an end to depredations, liquidated state debts, restored old manufactures, repaired the public roads, and in many other ways improved the civil and criminal legislation of his country. To him indeed the subsequent honour and glory of France is mainly due. To detail the various improvements he inaugurated, and to merely refer to the numerous public works he caused to be executed, would occupy a volume. We may, however, briefly state that he suggested and carried out the junction of the Mediterranean and the Atlantic by the famous canal of Languedoc; that he encouraged the arts and sciences; founded learned academies; embellished Paris with many handsome public buildings and gardens—among which may be mentioned the colonnade of the Louvre and the gardens of the Tuileries; and in numberless other ways contributed to the true progress and honour of his native land. In discharging his almost multifarious duties, he amassed an immense fortune; but, as if to prove that even

the most patriotic views, and the most useful public services may be misunderstood and unappreciated by the people, the rabble, thinking his wealth had been acquired by unfair means, spoke ill of him when he died, and insulted his coffin as it was borne to its last resting-place through the streets he had striven to embellish and improve. The great financier Colbert died in 1683, in the sixty-fifth year of his age; and, so far from the prejudices that assailed him in his latter years surviving, his countrymen, as well as all European thinkers and writers, have recognised in him a great and enlightened statesman.

From the anecdote we have related of the youthful heroism of Colbert, my readers will learn that self-possession and decision are of the greatest importance in many occurrences and on many momentous epochs of life; and that by self-reliance and virtue we may be enabled to overcome, or at any rate to alleviate, various of the evils by which we are liable to be assailed.

The Heroism of Truth.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

THERE is no name in the annals of any country more revered than that of George Washington. It is a matter of interest to inquire how he became as good and great, and how he obtained such a desirable reputation; how he was able to do so much good to his country and to mankind; how he was qualified to leave behind him so excellent an example; how he acquired that great wisdom which guided him in life, and prepared him for death. It is a good plan for every one, whether young or not, who wishes to be useful, good, and happy, to study the story of Washington. It is only by study that we can gain knowledge; and the best way to find out the path of duty and success is carefully to read the history of those who have been successful.

I propose, therefore, to give you a brief outline of Washington's life, taking care to present those points in his career which seem to have been the most influential in forming his character and shaping his fortunes.

George Washington was born in Virginia on the 22nd of February, 1732. His father was a wealthy planter; but he died in 1743, when our hero was eleven years old. He was, therefore, left to the care of his mother, who was a good and wise woman.

Now you must remember that when Washington was a boy, young people had not the advantages that they have now. In Virginia, there were no academies, high-schools, or colleges. He had, therefore, only the privileges of a common school education, where writing, reading, arithmetic, and a little of geometry, were taught; but he applied, and these were sufficient for him. Now this shows that the advantages a youth possesses are of less consequence than the way in which he improves them. A boy may be sent to a high-school and go to college, and yet turn out to be an useless, weak, and ignorant man.

One of the great advantages that followed from Washington's making the best of his school privileges was, his adopting good habits. *He got into the habit of doing everything thoroughly.*

If a boy gets into the habit of studying in a half-way, slovenly, slip-shod manner, he is almost certain to be greatly injured thereby. If he goes to college, he there continues the same habit; when he leaves, he still carries it with him; when he

enters upon business, it still hangs about him. He does nothing well or thoroughly; he is slovenly and careless in all he undertakes; there is imperfection and weakness in his career, and finally he turns out an unsuccessful man. If he becomes a merchant he usually fails in business; if a lawyer, a physician, a clergyman, or pastor, he is generally at the tail-end of his profession, poor, useless, and despised. Such is the mighty influence of our habits; and remember that they are formed in early life. Another thing that is remarkable at this early period of Washington's life is, that in writing he was careful to study neatness and precision. Several of his school manuscripts remain, in which he worked out questions in mathematics; they are very neatly executed and *are all correct*, which is another beautiful illustration of our hero's life.

It is not to be wondered at, that the dawn of such a mind as this should exhibit some bright lights of promise; and there are many anecdotes related of him greatly to his honour. One, however, which is well authenticated, sets before us so energetically the love of truth, that I must let it find a place in this volume.

When George was about eight years old he was sent by his father to play in the garden; and there finding a small hatchet, which had been acciden-

tally lost or mislaid, he began, childlike, to amuse himself with it. He had first a chop at one thing, and then at another, and then at a third, not thinking of the mischief that he was doing. Many a chop was bestowed upon the fruit-trees in the garden, and especially one—a beautiful cherry-tree—upon which his father had set great store. When the play fit was over, George threw down his hatchet, and went off to school.

In the mean time, his father, upon taking a walk down the garden, observed the ruin that had been made among the trees and shrubs, and at last reached his favourite cherry-tree. It had received so deep a gash with Master George's hatchet, as to make its recovery extremely doubtful. Of course the father was very angry, and exceedingly desirous of finding out the depredator. He could not suppose that little Geordie could have done so foolish and wicked a trick, but was rather inclined to lay the blame upon some idle boys who had more than once been caught in the garden. Upon inquiry, however, among the servants, he was informed that George had been seen in the garden, and seen also with the hatchet in his hand; but no one would or could say that he was the real author of the mischief.

At last, however, George came home from school, and his father upon meeting him at the

"Yes, it was I, Father; I know it was wrong to chop the trees, and you may flog me for doing it; *but I cannot tell a lie!*"

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door said, "Oh! Georgy, Georgy; some one has been into the garden and chopped many of the trees, and, I fear, has destroyed my beautiful young cherry-tree. It must have been some of those idle Irish boys. If I could tell which of them did it I would have them punished most severely. It could be nobody but them, I should think, Geordie."

George blushed very deeply at hearing his father speak in this manner, and could not utter a word for some time. At last, almost in tears, he burst forth, "It was not the Irish boys, father; do not lay it to them or to anybody else: it was I that chopped the trees."

"You!" said his father, with the greatest astonishment.

"Yes, it was I, father. I know it was wrong to chop the trees, and you may flog me for doing it. But I cannot tell a lie!"

"Come to my arms, my dear boy," said the father; "you are ten times more precious to me than all the cherry-trees in the world—more beautiful than they are when in the fullest blossom. There is nothing so beautiful as truth; and I would rather lose a thousand trees than that my son should tell a falsehood."

At school he carried out the principles which endeared him to his parents. The truthful boy grew up to be a truthful man.

At the age of thirteen, George adopted a code of rules of behaviour, which doubtless had great influence in the formation of his character.

Hardly had King George III. ascended the throne of England ere disturbances broke out among the colonists of America, and notably among those of the New England states. In 1764 the British Parliament passed an Act to oblige the Americans to pay a tax on stamps, for the support of the imperial government. This Act caused a violent commotion, and the colonists, indignant at the idea of being taxed, refused to pay any imposts passed by the British Legislature. The Stamp Act was repealed; but the flame of insurrection once lighted was not easily extinguished. Hostile feelings towards the home government took the place of the friendly relations that had hitherto subsisted, and fresh discontents broke out from time to time, as new taxes were sought to be imposed upon the colonists. The unwise advisers of King George attempted again and again to compel the people of America to pay taxes to the Crown; and when, in 1774, a duty on tea was sought to be enforced, the fire of rebellion could no longer be quelled, and between England and America there arose a cruel and sanguinary war, which lasted for nearly ten years, and was only ended in 1783 by a treaty of peace which re-

cognized the independence of the American people.

At the breaking out of the American war, Washington was appointed lieutenant-colonel of a regiment and soon after assumed the principal command of the American forces against the British troops. By his prudence, caution, self-sacrifices, well-balanced temper, coolness, and indefatigable perseverance, he at last succeeded in tiring out or defeating the troops sent against him, and, on the conclusion of the war, cheerfully returned to those domestic scenes, from which nothing but a sense of duty seems to have had the power to draw him. But so great were his virtues, his integrity, and honour, that in 1789 he was called upon to be First President of the American Union. In this office he secured the respect and admiration of the whole world, his former enemies, the English, being among the first to recognize his statesmanlike qualities and numerous virtues.

The teaching, then, of Washington's example is this: that habitual study, obedience, industry, thoroughness, and respect to the rights and feelings of others, will lead to eminence. The path of obedience is the path to glory; the path of disobedience is the path to failure, and disappointment in the race of life.

Albert,

THE SON OF WILLIAM TELL.

Most of my young friends are acquainted with the heroic exploits of William Tell, the Hero of Switzerland. There is a little episode in his life relating to his son so illustrative of Boyish Heroism, that it is entitled to a place in this volume.

At the time William Tell was wandering among the mountains of Switzerland, in his endeavours to obtain freedom for his country, it frequently happened that he was exposed to the most serious perils. Gessler the Austrian governor had put a price upon his head, and a detachment of troops was sent out among the mountains for the express purpose of his capture. For many months the noble patriot had to play hide and seek among rocks and ravines, and many were the almost miraculous escapes he underwent. In these wanderings he was at one period attended only by his son Albert, and both concealed themselves in various places, in caves and woods, and hollows of the rocks, from which they were started and hunted like wild beasts. At last Tell's affairs became so desperate that he and his son were without the

slightest means of sustenance. The winter had set in, and nothing but ice and snow surrounded them. Their slight store of food began to fail, and there was no way left to prevent their perishing of hunger than that of sending Albert across the mountains to the Ard, to procure provisions.

Loth indeed was Tell to part from a son whom he loved so well, and who, although only in his eleventh year, had given so many tokens of his courage and of his love and duty towards his father. But there was no alternative; their very existence depended upon the task; and the boy, taking nothing with him but his bow and arrow, and alpenstock to assist him in his mountain descents, after embracing his father and shedding boyish tears of sorrow, departed from a place called the Eagle's Nest, a small cave situated near the top of a very high mountain in the canton of Ure, near the Lake of Lucerne.

The way was desolate and perilous. In many parts the simple goat track of the mountain, which was the only guide to the valley, was obliterated by the snow; while the cracks and crevices were filled to the depth of several feet. Into these as the poor lad journeyed on he frequently fell, and with much difficulty extricated himself; nothing daunted, however, he pursued his course with unabated ardour, feeling that his father's life

depended on his exertions, and that he had God for his friend. In Him he put his trust, and often did the most fervent and heartfelt prayers arise to the Giver of all strength, for courage, and perseverance in his arduous endeavours.

With hope and faith for his guide, therefore, the poor child proceeded. The days were short, and the sun soon declined in the horizon. It was but a very short time visible in the mountains, and sank at an early hour beneath those gigantic masses which threw their deep shadows upon the valleys, and gave them a deep and solemn gloom.

The eagle screamed above, and the torrents roared below, and as the shadows deepened and the night drew in, the fierce howl of the wolf was added to the horror of the scene. Albert had reached the bottom of the valley. A mountain torrent had swelled to unusual dimensions, and in a stream of foam rushed along like a maniac, hurling devastation in its headlong course. The night was growing darker and darker, and as the gloom came on, the sullen growl of thunder was heard in the distance, and lightning began to play among the forked tops of the mountains. It was necessary that Albert should pass this mountain stream, but so rapidly did it hurry along, and so deep were its waters, that to attempt it seemed only to fly in

the face of death. While the youth paused to consider the best course to pursue, he suddenly heard the howl of wolves, and, at the same instant, the cry of some person in distress. He immediately rushed to the spot, and, at a short distance, found three wolves in fierce attack upon a man, who was vainly endeavouring to defend himself with his sword. Albert rushed on, and with one stroke of his alpenstock stunned the wolf nearest to him, and attacking the second with the sharp end of it soon fixed him to the ground. The third wolf had already been disabled. The combatant was therefore relieved by the bold courage of Albert from all further fear. Then the traveller, almost exhausted with his battle with the savage wolves, said—

"Thanks, thanks, whoever thou art; for thou hast saved me from much trouble, and perhaps even death. Who art thou?"

"My name is Albert," replied the boy. "Who art thou?"

"I am a soldier, and have lost my way among these inhospitable mountains," replied the stranger. "Canst thou tell where I am?"

"I can," said Albert. "Thou art seven miles from the village, if we could cross the stream; but twenty-seven, if we go by the bridge some miles lower down."

"How is it," said the stranger, "that a youth

like thee should be wandering alone in this dismal place? Whence comest thou?"

"I have travelled from Mount Faigel."

"And no one with thee?"

"No one but God."

"Do you not fear these storms?"

"God is in the storm."

"And there are torrents, too, that must be crossed."

"God is by the torrent."

"And the darkness grows thick and deep."

"God is my light in the darkness."

"But you are but a child."

"God will be with a child," replied Albert, striking his staff on the ground, and assuming an attitude of bold reliance.

"Guide me across the stream, and bring me safely to Steinin, and I will reward you."

"I have my reward, and require no other," replied Albert.

"How is that?"

"God rewards those who do their duty."

"It may not be thy duty, boy," said the stranger. "I may be thy enemy, and the enemy of thy country."

"It is my duty to serve my enemy when in distress or trouble. And wert thou the wicked Gessler himself, I would serve thee."

"Humph!" said the stranger, with a pensive aspect. "Why dost thou call Gessler wicked?"

"Because," said the boy, "he acts against his conscience: he must know that men have a right to be free, and he kills them because they love their liberty. But come, follow me higher up the stream, and I will find a way across the torrent."

Young Tell and Gessler—for the stranger was no other than the Austrian governor—now proceeded on their way up the bank of the stream till they came to a part of it where two broken rocks had formed a natural bridge, the existence of which was known only to Albert, his father, and a few of their patriot band. Over this the lad and the Austrian governor passed, and, amid the roar of the tempest, reached the other side in safety. They then ascended the mountains and climbed up through crevices, till at last they stood on a kind of table-land above. Then all at once they came upon a picquet of the Austrian army standing round a large fire. Upon the approach of Gessler, the officer in command called out, "The Governor!" All the soldiers immediately "dressed," that is, stood in rank and presented arms.

Albert at once found out his position, and that he had been directing the steps of his father's worst foe; but, nothing daunted, he determined

to make the best of the circumstances into which fortune had thrown him. He did not suppose that the Austrian could have any knowledge of him or his mission, but instinct seemed to tell him that the sooner he was out of the hands of his enemies the better; and so, buckling up his girdle, he prepared to depart, saying to Gessler, with due reverence—

"I have performed my promise, sir, and now I may be permitted to pass on my way?"

"Not till we are better acquainted, my young friend," replied the governor. "You have performed for me an essential service, and I must reward you. Who, and what are you, boy?"

"My name is Albert," replied the lad, "and I reside, when I am at home, at Altorf."

"Albert is thy baptismal name—a good name, worthy a good Austrian, but there are many Alberts in this wide world. What is thy other name? Tell me, that I may do thy parents, as well as thyself, some service."

"My name would not be pleasing to you, and I will not reveal it."

"Ha!" said the governor; "thou art then some rebel—some partizan of the miscreant Tell. I will have thy name, boy."

"'Tis not in thy power, nor in the power of all thy hosts, to wrench it from me. It would have

been easy for me to have told thee a fictitious name; but I scorn a lie. I am not bound to tell you my name. You found me free, leave me so."

"Who is thy father?" said the governor, with a menacing look.

"A free man—a companion of the eagle on the mountain tops, and of the clouds that sail upon the free-born winds. Would every man in Switzerland were as free as he!"

"I will know who thou art. Seize him, guards! Search him—find out who he is."

Some of the soldiers immediately stepped forward at the bidding of their chief; and having seized Albert, began to search him. They took from him his bow and quiver, his staff, and wallet. They then searched his clothes, and found a letter from Tell to his wife, which at once revealed the name and mission of the heroic boy.

"I told thee I would have thy name," said Gessler, with a triumphant smile; "and it is well I did so. Thou art the son of Tell; reveal the place of thy father's hiding, or thou shalt never see father or mother more."

"I would not reveal my own name, and thinkest thou that I would give up my father to thee? Put me to ten thousand cruel deaths, I will brave them all, and tell thee to the last that this is an ill requite to one who saved thee from death by the

wolves, and led thee by the torrent and through the storm in safety."

"I am not safe, Austria is not safe, while thy father lives, and he shall starve on the mountain tops while thou remain with me. Bind him, guards!"

"Bind me!—never will I be bound. Keep aloof, soldiers," uttered the youth with a defying voice, and stepping some paces apart.

"Seize him!" vociferated the governor. But the moment the soldiers advanced to do so, Albert made a spring towards the edge of the high rocks he and the governor had mounted after they had passed the torrent. Standing there for a moment, he called out, "I defy thee, Austrian; the son of Tell will not betray his father." At the same moment, folding his arms, and rolling himself up like a ball, he threw himself down the mountain steep and disappeared.

"Fire at him, shoot him—let him not escape!" cried the governor, with frantic gestures. He with the soldiers advanced close to the head of the ravine, but nothing could be seen and nothing heard but the rattling of rough stones against the rock, and one solitary plunge in the torrent stream below.

Such was the devotedness of Albert, the son of Tell. And He who was beside him in the tem-

pest, and with him in the darkness, was near him in the torrent, whose waters received him as a bed of down. Dreadful was the descent and fearful the plunge, but the youth escaped uninjured; and before the morning sun appeared, had fulfilled his mission and returned to his father with efficient help.

This story is one of many that teach us what boys can do. The relation of such heroic devotion ought to sink deeply into all hearts which in this world of peril may be called upon to make heroic sacrifice and stern devotion to faithfulness and truth.

Benjamin Franklin,

THE YOUNG PRINTER.

THE spectacle of the sea is so striking and sublime that it seizes upon the imagination of all—from the man of the people who feels his soul expand in presence of this boundless expanse, to the child who is astonished and wonder-struck at it. Even commonplace natures are moved by the grand scenes of nature to something of the sensations of artists and poets. If the aspect of the ocean is sublime, the shell-strewn shore of a seaport town has its picturesque attractions, especially for the juvenile population of these latitudes who love to explore their rocky caverns and grottoes.

One fine autumn season, in the year 1615, a child of eight or nine years of age was accustomed to go and swim every evening in Boston Roads. This town did not at that period possess the importance which it has since acquired. It was only a great centre of the population of the English colonies in America. Industry and commerce developed themselves there with that

"As soon as he found himself alone, between the sky and the water, he abandoned himself to a sort of noisy joy." *Page* 175.

regular and incessant activity which characterizes the genius of the English.

The child, who every evening was to be seen swimming off from the shore, or making use of a barge temporarily abandoned by its owners, to practise steering it himself, was generally dressed in the humble garb of an artisan; but his well-formed figure, expressive countenance, blue and intelligent eye, elevated him so far above his fellows, that it was impossible to pass without noticing him; and he was consequently well known to all the inhabitants of the port.

Not an old sailor who did not love the little Benjamin, and who did not hail him by his name when he was seen gliding through the labyrinth of boats and barges.

To swim in the open sea, or to guide thither a boat into which he had leaped unperceived by any one—but which he always brought honestly back to the place whence he had taken it—such was the exercise to which the child with the robust stature and intelligent countenance ardently devoted himself daily. As soon as he found himself alone between the sky and the water, he abandoned himself to a sort of noisy joy, which displayed itself sometimes by prolonged inhalations of the pure sea-breeze and wholesome marine odours, and at others by violent gestures,

by means of which he seemed to stretch and fortify himself. Occasionally, half in the boat and half swimming, he would manage to steer towards a rock that raised its barren head from out the middle of the waves, and climbing to its highest summit, would spread out his clothes to dry, and then sit naked and thoughtful, contemplating the measureless horizon; before him the shore, the port, the wide landscape; behind him the illimitable waste of waters.

That which caused the little Benjamin to experience so keen a delight in the motion of the sea, and the immediate contact with nature, was the contrast which these hours of liberty of an evening formed with the semi-slavery that was imposed on him during the day. The poor child was compelled as soon as he rose in the morning to work at a trade that was extremely repugnant to him. His father was a tallow-chandler, and when only ten years of age the little Benjamin was employed in cutting candle-wicks, filling moulds with grease, and other necessary but disagreeable duties. The child, endowed with delicate senses, and a refined imagination, submitted with great repugnance to this occupation. Sent to school from five to eight years of age, he learned with great facility to read and write; he was passionately fond of books, and devoured those that formed the

small library of his father, who was an intelligent workman. Among those books was "Plutarch's Lives," and when he had finished reading, his delight was to go and muse and dream in the open air, or on the open sea. It was only these hours of delicious solitude that enabled him to endure patiently the disgust inspired by his hours of labour at the manufactory; the odour which exhaled from the caldrons of boiling fat sickened him; and when he was obliged to touch with his little white and delicate hands the still smoking candles, it revolted him extremely. But he submitted to the labour which was that of his father, thinking that it would be to fail in his respect to him to testify the disgust with which it inspired him; only immediately that the period of his disagreeable duties was over, he hastened to efface from his hair, his skin, and his clothes, that smell of rancid fat which pursued him like the stigma of his repugnant labour. He had no sooner bathed and found himself alone with nature, than he felt as if he was become again a child endowed by the Almighty with those rare and exceptional qualities which sooner or later could not fail to develop themselves, and which would make him great in spite of all the obstacles of his social position.

The reading of "Plutarch's Lives" prepared

him for struggles and obstacles, and gave him a glimpse of future fame.

When he used to re-enter his father's dwelling, on his return from these invigorating expeditions, it would be with a cheerful brow and renovated frame. After the evening repast, and when the household prayers were over, he would return to the little chamber where he slept, read his favourite authors, and exercise himself in the art of composition. Although he often passed part of the night in this kind of occupation, which to him was only a pleasure, in the morning, at break of day, he was none the less on foot and hastening to the workshop to help his father in the manufacture of his candles. His father, touched by so much docility and zeál, and wishing to encourage his child's inclination for learning, said to him one day: "I see plainly that you will never take kindly to my business; your little brother is growing up, and can help me now, and you, you can go and work at the printing-office with your eldest brother; that will suit you better since you are so fond of books. There you can easily have them from all the libraries in the town."

The child's heart leapt for joy at these words; he had long envied the profession of his elder brother, but he never dared to hope that his father would one day allow him to follow it.

To follow the trade of a printer has never been distasteful to philosophers, poets, or moralists. To produce the finest works in English literature, seizing some precious fragments even while setting up the type; to breathe the atmosphere of the printing-office instead of the sickly and repulsive odour of candles, seemed a paradise to our little Benjamin; so much so that he forgot on what hard conditions his brother had consented to receive him as an apprentice. This elder brother, whose name was James, was as calculating, and determined, as the imaginative child was deficient in these qualities; he only consented to take little Benjamin into his house on condition that he should give him his services as an ordinary workman until he was twenty-one, without receiving any wages until the last year.

The first few years of this apprenticeship passed peaceably enough for little Benjamin, who still took the greatest delight in study, and in excursions on the water. His brother, provided his time in the workshop was fully occupied by day, gave himself little concern that the child was absent from his meals, and often deprived himself of his natural rest, in order to indulge his great and unconquerable instincts.

A rich and learned English merchant, who frequented the printing-office, interested himself

greatly in the young apprentice, whose intelligence he discovered: he gave him free access to his fine library, one of the most considerable in Boston: he did more, he directed his course of reading and study, and taught him to classify each subject in order in his memory: he made him read first the series of all the historians, ancient and modern; adding to the history of the peoples known to antiquity, the history of the discovery of new countries and people; then the chronicles and memoirs relating to general facts, details, and lives: he then made him read also all the most celebrated works on religion, morality, science, politics, and philosophy; and, finally, the great poets, who form, as it were, the radiant crown to this marvellous edifice of the human mind, reared patiently from century to century by the chosen intelligences of every country. In the great poets he found the essence, and, as it were, the condensation of all other geniuses. Homer and Shakspeare combine in themselves all knowledge and all inspiration.

Poetry now took forcible possession of his brain. In his early childhood he had composed some incorrect and straggling verses; he wished to write some, correct, and irreproachable, according to the rules which Pope had just laid down in his translation of Homer, Horace, and Boileau: but

in poetry the will is not sufficient. To be a poet it is necessary to have been touched with the sacred fire.

Benjamin had not yet discerned his true vocation. Feeling himself profoundly moved in the presence of nature, he believed himself a poet. He no longer improvised his verses, as formerly, to old airs; he wrote them carefully, and only sang them when satisfied with their form. It was in this manner that he composed two ballads on sailors' adventures. He sang them to some of his old seafaring friends. They were enchanted with them, repeated them in chorus, and thus assured to them a sort of popular success. The brother of Benjamin, knowing that it would be to his own profit, printed the two ballads, and sent the boy to sell them of an evening in the town. Benjamin, arrayed in his working garb, set off, therefore, pushing before him a small barrow filled with the damp sheets, and drawing the attention of the passers-by to his ballads, which he sang as he went along. They had an enormous sale in the streets, in the public squares, and principally on the quay, and in the harbour, where every sailor, down to the smallest cabin-boy, wanted to have a copy of their little friend's songs. He brought back to his brother every penny that the sale of his songs produced. As for himself, he contented himself

with the fame he considered he derived from them.

His father, a man of sound sense, endowed with a naturally good understanding, interposed his authority between the asperity of the brother, and the growing vanity of the youthful poet; he forbade Benjamin to continue this public sale of his songs, and declared plainly that his verses were bad.

"You must," said his father, "practise writing in prose on different subjects, and know your vocation well, before proclaiming yourself to the public. You may, perhaps, become a moral philosopher, the editor of a journal, or, perhaps, an orator; but do not be in a hurry to be talked of; wait till fame comes to seek you: believe me, lasting fame and fortune come but slowly."

Benjamin, who, like all youths destined to become great, was modest and unassuming, received his father's teaching with submission; it was even engraved so deeply in his mind that it seemed to control every action of his life. Following his father's advice, he exercised himself in writing on various subjects, and took for his models the best authors of England. He read Addison's "Spectator" (at that period the best English magazine), and began to write articles for that journal. The idea of their appearing in its pages had not yet

occurred to him; but it was very shortly to be suggested to him.

He dreamed of nothing but the means of cultivating and enlarging his mind. Having read in some book that vegetable diet kept the body healthy, and the mental faculties clear and active, he confined himself to rice, potatoes, bread, raisins, and water. This frugal fare afforded him also the means of economising to buy more books. In a little time, however, he gave up his Pythagorean system, induced thereto by the following adventure. He was accustomed to go occasionally to fish for his father or his brother; he used to bring them back the produce of his sport, but never tasted it himself. One day they pointed out to him in the inside of one of the fish which he had caught, another very small fish. "Oh! oh!" said he, "since you eat each other, I do not see why we should scruple to eat you."

Boston, which is at the present time one of the most enlightened and literary towns in North America, was comparatively so even at that period. Several journals were published there; one by the brother of Benjamin, called the "New England Courier." The literary department was very feebly conducted, and the young dreamer felt persuaded that he should henceforth be capable of producing much better articles than

those he saw boasted of around him. But he dreaded his brother's common and envious mind, and he well knew that if he sent the MSS. in his own handwriting they would be refused. He pondered a long time as to how he could contrive for some of his articles on politics and science to reach him anonymously, and at length resolved to disguise his handwriting, and to slip every evening under the closed door of the printing-office those pages destined for the "New England Courier." All the articles which he thus successfully transmitted to his brother were printed in the journal, and in a short time nothing was talked of but the anonymous writer who so far surpassed all the well-known scribes.

Emboldened by success, Benjamin made himself known, and was loaded with praises by all except his brother, whose jealousy was redoubled. The latter's vanity suffered such severe mortification from a sense of his inferiority, that even his self-interest failed to overcome. An article in his journal having given offence, he was forbidden by the authorities to continue the publication. James, with whom money was the supreme consideration, had recourse to a stratagem to avoid suspending a paper from which he derived considerable profit; he brought it out under the name of his brother; and to give a colour to this fiction, he gave Ben-

jamin up his indentures which bound him to him till he was one-and-twenty; but he took the precaution of making him secretly sign a fresh engagement, which, if not binding, would, he well knew, be considered so by the conscientious youth.

The latter consented to everything for the sake of insuring the continuous appearance of his works, and also in the hope that his brother, touched by the profit accruing to him from his journal, would relax something of his rigour towards him. There are some persons possessed of such narrow and envious minds, that they cannot brook the presence of the good and gifted: to harass and humiliate them seems the incessant aim of their jealousy. James, lowered in his own esteem by the striking superiority of his brother, took a mean delight in overwhelming him with the hardest labour, in hope of weakening that superiority. From morning to night he compelled him to toil in the printing-office, although he saw him pale and worn-out when he had spent the night in writing for his journal.

One day, Benjamin, weary of this constant struggle and restraint, declared to his brother that he must have his liberty.

James instantly loaded him with the most abusive epithets, calling him a traitor and a perjurer.

"I know I am breaking my word," replied the poor boy, "but do not you also break all the laws of justice and kindness?" And he quitted his brother's house never to re-enter it.

James, furious, went and complained loudly to his father. He brought the most odious accusations against Benjamin; he abused and maligned him to all the printers in Boston, and to such good purpose that the accused dared not show his face among them. In a short time necessity began to press him. How was he to support himself? Where seek shelter? Sustained by a strength of mind far superior to his age, he resolved to make some fresh attempts, and applied at several printing-offices. They were all closed to him.

Desperate, and his resources having dwindled down to about five shillings, he went and seated himself by the sea-shore, and in spite of himself, tears rolled slowly down his cheeks: this evening he had no thought or inclination either for swimming or rowing. As he sat thus disconsolately bewailing his hard fate, the captain of a brig, one of his old friends, happened to pass.

"What, Benjamin sitting idle! Benjamin not swimming! Benjamin not singing!" said he, clapping him on the shoulder; then he added, "Will Benjamin amuse himself by coming on

board my brig, which sails to-morrow for New York?"

Touched by the kindness of the old seaman, Benjamin told him all his troubles.

"Well," said the captain, after listening to his narrative, "if you will be advised by me, you will not make two words about it, but go off with me to-morrow to New York; you will perhaps be able to find some work there: if not, you can go on to Philadelphia, where I have a relative who will receive you as a son."

Benjamin was of an adventurous turn: he joyfully accepted the captain's proposition, and went on board that very evening.

Favoured by fine weather, they soon arrived at New York; but not succeeding in finding work there, Benjamin set out again immediately for Philadelphia, furnished with a letter from the good captain to his relation, the printer Keirmer. In him he found a hospitable house, an intelligent and kind master, who discerned the worth of the noble youth, and treated him as his own child. Benjamin worked diligently to prove his gratitude, and in a short time became foreman of the printing-office. But work of a more elevated character—politics, science, attracted him still; when evening came, and he took his solitary walks in the country, he would often sorrowfully

ask himself if a way would ever be opened to him to accomplish his destiny.

One evening, seated on a height overlooking the town, he remained rapt in contemplation till it was nearly night. Suddenly he was overtaken by a violent storm, such as is scarcely ever seen in Europe. A thunderbolt burst over an edifice, and set it on fire; the flames spread rapidly and destroyed the building. Benjamin ran to the spot, guided by the lurid light; several persons had perished; it was a heart-rending spectacle. The young student returned overwhelmed with grief, and passed the night in meditation, his head leaning on his table. He had some time since ascertained the power which objects with sharp points possess of controlling, lessening, and diverting the discharge of the electric fluid, he asked himself if it would not be possible to apply these objects to a useful purpose; he felt a conviction that if thunder and lightning were the effects of electricity, it would be possible to direct them, and prevent them from destroying and ravaging. It is to the reflections of this night of sorrowful vigil that we are indebted for the lightning conductor, of which Benjamin Franklin was the inventor.

The renown of so precocious a genius was not long in spreading through Philadelphia. Sir

William Keith, governor of the province, who was a remarkable man, desired to see and question him; he foresaw what this young and aspiring genius would become in the future. He wished to attach him to the mother-country by the double ties of gratitude and fame.

"Will you go to London?" said he: "you shall sail in a government vessel; your expenses shall be defrayed by me; you will make the acquaintance of literary and learned men; you will become one of them, my young friend, and then you will return to Philadelphia, and spread the treasures of your mind in the New World."

Benjamin accepted the offer.

From that day he felt himself emancipated. From a youth he became a man! But his earliest benefactor, when he spoke to him thus, little thought that his protégé would one day be the famous Benjamin Franklin, one of the founders of the republic of the United States! His patron not having furnished him with money sufficient to live in London, he was obliged to work as a journeyman in a printing-office; but he there acquired a reputation for industry and talent, which rendered him a pattern to all his fellow-workmen; and, being able in a short time to procure a small quantity of materials, he returned to Philadelphia, where he entered into partnership

with a person of the name of Meredith, and together they established a printing-office. Franklin's partner supplied the funds; he furnished his assiduous labour and tried experience: he worked day and night, his only relaxation being the conversation of the distinguished and literary characters of the province, with whom he delighted to hold dissertations on politics and physic.

A short time after, Franklin's partner left him sole master of the business; his fortune rapidly increased, and in 1730 he was united in marriage to a widow lady, whom, as Miss Read, he had courted before her first marriage. Franklin established a journal, contributed to the forming of a public library at Philadelphia, and founded an insurance office, and other useful institutions in the same town. In 1732 he published his "Poor Richard's Almanack," which became noted for the wisdom and pithiness of its maxims, and the ease with which they were imprinted on the mind. In 1736 Franklin was appointed clerk to the General Assembly at Pennsylvania, and the year following he became postmaster. He was exceedingly useful to this community and province; he armed a sort of national guard of ten thousand men to defend it against the Indians, who were threatening it. He founded learned societies, and

about this time seriously commenced his studies and experiments on electricity, the result of which was the invention of the lightning conductor. He founded a large establishment of public instruction, known now as the College of Philadelphia, which he supported with his credit, his fortune, and even his personal tuition and superintendence. He aided in the foundation of hospitals and asylums for the poor. In 1757 he was sent to England on a diplomatic mission for Pennsylvania: whilst in this country he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, and honoured with the decree of Doctor of Laws by the universities of Oxford, Edinburgh, and St. Andrews.

When the War of Independence broke out, Franklin took a prominent and active part in the declarations and resolutions. Whilst Washington was commanding the patriots, Franklin was, in 1776, despatched as envoy to France, to demand the help of that country against the mother-country. He was received at Paris by the Duke of Rochefoucauld, who had known him in London, and who introduced him to the first society, and the court. Franklin, by his great talent, his simple and dignified manners, his noble countenance and pleasing address, succeeded in rousing the French nobility to the utmost enthusiasm for the Americans. M. de Lafayette put himself at

the head of the volunteers; King Louis XVI., led by public opinion, concluded, in 1778, the Treaty of Alliance with the United States, recognized as an independent power; Sweden and Prussia also joined in this act of recognition. Having achieved this object, which assured the independence of his country, Franklin still remained several years in France, as minister plenipotentiary, and settled at Passy, where one of the streets bears his name to this day. It was there that he wrote several of his works, and made fresh experiments in physics; he had the good fortune to meet Voltaire at the Academy of Sciences, to whom he presented his grandson, and asked his blessing for him. Voltaire laid his lean and trembling hands on the child's head, and exclaimed, "'God and Liberty!' That," he added, "is a suitable motto for a grandson of Franklin."

But Franklin, feeling the approaches of old age, quitted France to visit his beloved country. When he arrived at Philadelphia, all the inhabitants for miles round came to meet him, and saluted him as the saviour and liberator of his country. He was twice elected President of the Supreme Council, but in 1788 the infirmities of age compelled him to withdraw entirely from public life. He still, however, found strength sufficient for

several valuable purposes; he wrote against the slave trade and arranged his memoirs, through which his honest and unstained life flows like a peaceful river. In the midst of useful labours he was attacked by fever, which terminated his existence on the 17th of April, 1790, at the age of eighty-four. His will, which included several legacies to institutions of public utility, ended with this sentence: "I bequeath to my friend, the friend of the human race, General Washington, my walking-stick; and if it were a sceptre, it would become him equally well." What an eloquent eulogium! and what great and admirable men were Washington and Franklin!

Several years before his death Franklin composed his own epitaph, which ran as follows:—

HERE LIES,
GIVEN OVER TO THE WORMS,
THE BODY OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, PRINTER,
LIKE THE COVER OF AN OLD BOOK
WHOSE LEAVES ARE ALL TORN OUT,
AND THE GILDING AND TITLE EFFACED.
BUT FOR ALL THAT, THE WORK WILL NOT BE LOST:
FOR IT WILL REAPPEAR,
ACCORDING TO HIS BELIEF,
IN A NEW AND BETTER EDITION,
REVISED AND CORRECTED
BY
THE AUTHOR.

Joseph Hume, the Fisherman's Son.

JOSEPH HUME, one of the most prominent members of Parliament in the important and stirring times which immediately preceded and followed the passing of the Reform Bill, sprang from the very midst of the people. He was born in 1777, in Ferry Street, Montrose, and from his very birth exhibited those qualities of perseverance and right doing which, if they do not take rank altogether as heroism, at least raised him into a very prominent position among the legislators of England. His father, a most sober, industrious, persevering man, began the world with no capital, and roughed its thorny paths with few friends. At length, by dint of hard labour and economy, he saved wherewithal to purchase a sloop. As master of this vessel he traded to London, where he died, when his son Joseph Hume was only five years old. Such was, indeed, the very humble origin of a man with whose name is now associated many great qualities.

Joseph was brought up by his mother, one of the very best and most prudent of women; and at

the public grammar-school of Montrose he distinguished himself greatly. He had some thoughts of following his father's calling; but by the advice of some friends he was apprenticed to Dr. John Bale, physician and surgeon, of Montrose. At this early age he conceived the idea of becoming a great man, and engaged in the discharge of the duties of this apprenticeship with good-will and with a laudable spirit of perseverance. Early and late he toiled in the attic of his mother's house,—a poor but comfortably-furnished old-fashioned edifice at the north port of Montrose; and, in a few years, he was one of the best-informed and most elevated disciples of Esculapius of which the north of Scotland could boast.

After a while Joseph repaired to Edinburgh, to qualify himself for the degree of a "Surgeon." At the age of eighteen he had obtained his diploma, and came to London to seek his fortune, and made several voyages to India and China in the old East India Company's ships, and in 1799 obtained an appointment to the Bengal presidency as a surgeon in the army.

In a few years he was employed in the various offices of surgeon, Persian interpreter to the army during the Mahratta war in Bundelted, from 1802 to 1808, paymaster, postmaster, &c., discharging the duties attached to them in a way to call forth the

public thanks of Lord Lake and other influential functionaries. From one post to another, in his influence with the merchant princes of the East, he plodded upwards, and onwards, now making a trading visit to England, and anon returning to Bombay, until he accumulated a handsome competency, on which, at the close of the war, he retired from the active commerce of desultory life, and returned to his native country in 1808.

He spent the year 1810, and part of 1811, in travelling in Spain, Egypt, Turkey, Greece, &c., and again returned to England. Towards the close of the latter year he was returned member for Weymouth. Seizing a favourable opportunity of presenting himself to a Scotch constituency, he was returned as the representative in Parliament of Montrose in 1818, for which borough he continued to sit till 1830, when he succeeded Mr. Whitbread in Middlesex, and represented that county till the general election in 1837, when he was returned for Kilkenny. He was not returned to Parliament at the general election in 1841, but was elected for Montrose in 1842, on Mr. Chalmers accepting the Chiltern Hundreds. For a period of more than forty years this fisherman's boy enjoyed the honourable position of a seat in St. Stephen's.

As a member of Parliament Mr. Hume ex-

hibited an earnest desire to benefit society; and sincerely deploring the corruption prevalent in the administration of public affairs, he brought his talents and experience to bear in furtherance of the common good.

Mr. Hume's history, as a politician, is a singular one. Without political connexions, powers of oratory, or large pretensions to any science, except arithmetic, he rapidly succeeded in obtaining a conspicuous place among his fellow-legislators. From the position of a popular declaimer, he raised himself to that of a member of great weight in the House; to be an object of respect and support to the Liberals, and of awe to the ministerial benches. Mr. Hume was the first member of Parliament who thoroughly popularised the question of finance, and made the people understand the relations which taxation and expenditure bore to each other; and he did so by bringing forward a series of motions the most definite and minute that had ever been submitted to the notice of Parliament. The invariable principle upon which he acted was, that wrong can be found in everything, provided one can get at it. Upon this principle he began a series of tentative charges, trusting that some at least would come out more or less well founded. In this career he had to encounter many very triumphant refutations, which would

have dismayed an ordinary assailant; but to all this he presented a hard, determined, and immutable front, and proceeded directly onward. The ground he took was favourable.

The times in which he lived were such as to make urgent and almost feverish calls for economy; so that whenever he chanced to hit at all fair, the arrow went deep. A strong party soon mustered round him, and gave him a decided consideration in the eyes of the public. He compelled ministers to lay public accounts before the House more distinctly and in greater detail; he dissipated that darkness under whose care a certain easiness and slovenliness can scarcely fail to insinuate itself. He worked hard for the public good, and in his manhood kept the promise of his youth.

Heroic Devotion of Two Mexican Youths.

After the death of Montezuma, the Mexicans took possession of a high tower in the great temple which overlooked the Spanish quarters, and placing there a garrison of their principal warriors, not a Spaniard could stir without being exposed to their missiles. From this point it was necessary to dislodge them at any risk. Juan de Escobor thrice made the attempt, but was each time repulsed. Ferdinando Cortez, sensible that not only the reputation but the safety of his army depended on the success of this assault, ordered a buckler to be tied to his arm, as he could not manage it with his wounded hand, and rushed with his drawn sword on to the thickest of the combatants. Encouraged by the presence of their General, the Spaniards returned to the charge with such vigour that they gradually forced their way up the steps, and drove the Mexicans to the platform at the top of the tower. There a dreadful carnage began: when two young Mexicans, of high rank, observing Cortez, as he animated his soldiers by his voice and example, resolved to sacri-

fice their own lives in order to cut off the author of all the calamities which desolated their country. They approached in a suppliant posture, as if they had intended to lay down their arms, and seizing him, in a moment hurried him towards the walls, over which they threw themselves headlong, in hopes of dragging him along to be dashed to pieces by the same fall. But Cortez, by his strength and ability, broke loose from their grasp, and the gallant youths perished in their generous, though unsuccessful, attempt to save their country.

History is full of instances of valour; but seldom do we read of such heroic devotion as this.

The Boyhood of Linnæus.

THERE are few places more dismal than a poor Swedish village when November makes its appearance: as soon as the short day is ended, a thick smoke rising from every thatched roof proclaims that every family is warming itself round its own particular hearth. Coldness and dulness cover the earth, and the sky presents an unbroken horizon of dull grey, except where the aurora borealis suddenly illuminates it with transitory brightness.

One winter's evening, in the year 1719, the chimney of the presbytery of Roeshult, a poor habitation, scarcely distinguishable from the cottages that surrounded it, threw a column of thick black smoke upwards. A large turf fire was burning in the interior.

The pastor and his family—which consisted of his wife, an excellent manager, two little girls aged respectively seven and eight, and a boy who might be about twelve—were ranged round the table for the evening: on this table burned a three-niched lamp; at the foot of the lamp lay a

"All the attention of the little fair-haired boy appeared absorbed by a copy-book, in the leaves of which he was arranging some plants and flowers." *Page* 202.

heap of large balls of brown worsted with which the mother was busily employed in knitting stockings with wooden knitting-needles; and the two little girls were emulating each other in their attempts to imitate their mother's work, in which they succeeded tolerably well; while the pastor, with his elbow on the table, and his head bent over a large Bible, read from time to time some passages, on which he commented as he read. All the attention of the little fair-haired boy appeared absorbed by a copy-book, in the leaves of which he was arranging some plants and flowers. His sisters occasionally looked at him askance, but without interrupting him in his occupation. As for the mother, she from time to time cast on him a kind look and a smile, all the while keeping a watch on her husband, who continued his learned and pious reading and commentaries without ever raising his eyes to his audience.

But suddenly the latter lifted up his large head, thereby revealing a countenance in which might be read a strong and determined will, and having looked at his son, said, angrily—

"Still busied with those eternal books and those useless plants! I am resolved to put an end to your idleness and disobedience by throwing the whole into the fire."

And as he made a gesture as if about to execute

his threat, the child forcibly pressed his copy-book to his breast, and crossed his arms resolutely over it, while his mother stopped her husband, and said to him—

"A little patience, my good Nicholas; he only wanted to arrange the plants he has collected during the day, and now he will attend diligently to his Latin studies." And she hastened to secure the threatened copy-book, and substitute one of Latin themes and verses.

"Wife, in attempting to excuse him, you accuse yourself," exclaimed the pastor, whose anger was not appeased. "You speak of the plants which he has gathered to-day. Yes, I know well, instead of remaining here writing his exercises, or following me in my visits to the sick and dying, he has been rummaging in the snow, and rambling about like a little vagabond, in the defiles of the mountains, to seek what, I ask you?—herbs without name and without use."

"Without name, may be," replied the wife, as ignorant as her husband of botany, "but as for being useful and salutary, there are some that are so; for only the other day, when our little Christina cut her finger, some leaves of one of those plants sufficed to heal the wound, and when our old cousin Bertha burnt herself so badly, some time ago, it was also with some plants selected by

our little Charles that she was cured. The village doctor, whom she sent for, declared that the dressing of leaves which had been applied was good, that it must be continued, and that whoever recommended it knew what he was about."

"At all events," rejoined the father, "as I do not desire to make of my son a doctor of medicine, but a doctor of theology, a minister of the church, like myself, he will have to make up his mind to renounce this foolish botanizing, and to give up in future all his time under my direction to the study of the Holy Scriptures and that of Latin: otherwise I promise him that, before a week is over his head, I will send him to the Latin school in the town, where he will be made to work, whether he likes it or not."

The mother would have replied, but the father imposed silence on her by his gravity, and bending again over his Bible, continued his reading in an undertone.

Nothing further was heard in the smoky apartment, which served at once for kitchen, parlour, and dining-room to the poor pastor's family, but the sound of the knitting-needles made by the good housewife and the two little girls, and the still less distinct sound produced by the pen of the little boy who was writing his Latin exercises.

He set about this fresh work with almost feverish absorption and haste. It seemed as if he wanted to do well, and quickly, a task that was distasteful to him. When he had finished he uttered a sigh of relief, which interrupted the general silence.

"Well?" said the pastor, as he raised his head, heavy with reading, meditation, and perhaps drowsiness.

"There, father!" said the child, laying his pages of writing beside the Bible.

The father immediately looked them over, and when he had finished, he murmured: "Well—very well! I know, Charles, that you can do whatever you set your mind on, and for that reason I consider you so much the more to blame when you do not obey me."

"I wish to obey you," replied the child, regarding his father with a glance of mingled tenderness and entreaty; "but could you not allow me to divide my time into two parts, one for the study of the Holy Scriptures and Latin, the other for the study of those plants and flowers which are to me as so many psalms and hymns singing the praises of God?"

"You are mad!" exclaimed the father. "I have already told you that this childish study would lead to nothing, save to fetter you in your theolo-

gical career; if you persist, you know my resolution in regard to you, and I shall not deviate from it."

With these words he rose and began the prayer in which the family were accustomed to unite every evening. The children then embraced their father and mother, and retired to bed. Little Charles slept in a dark closet, the sole furniture of which consisted of a bed, a chair, and a deal shelf, on which were some books and his beloved herbals. He was no sooner in bed than he began to cry, and to reflect on the means of following his vocation, without disobeying his father. While he was still in tears, his mother quietly entered; she embraced and consoled him. Mothers always seem instinctively to know the thoughts of their children, and to be, as it were, a part of themselves. It is on that account that they rule by the heart, while fathers often rule by decision and severity.

"Come, tell me, my dear little boy," said his kind mother, putting her arms affectionately round him, "does it then grieve you so much that you can no longer go out in the snow, and in the crevices of the rocks, to hunt for wild plants?"

"Oh, mother, if you only knew what a pleasure it is when I discover a new species—to admire and to count the roots, the stalks, the leaves, the

flowers, the petals, every feature, in short, of these treasures of God! In the spring, the new-blown flowers are to me a whole world. Plants speak to me, and I understand them: I assure you, mother, that they have instincts, habits, and differences, in the same species, just as the faces of my sisters and myself differ, in spite of our resemblance!"

"You dream, you dream, my dear child!" exclaimed the mother, half laughing and half touched; "but anyhow, in this bitter cold weather, and with the earth all frozen up, your pleasure must be greatly lessened. You give yourself a great deal of trouble and fatigue for very little profit."

"See, mother," he replied, opening one of his herbals; "what would not one risk to possess one of these beautiful flowers! Every day I discover some new species in the lichens; and my father would have me renounce these researches! It is as if he should ask me not to eat—not to live!"

"You shall eat, and you shall live! Only you shall eat your breakfast an hour sooner," gaily replied the mother; "and every morning, before your father awakes, you shall go out on your beloved discoveries. Only be careful not to exceed the time, but return at the appointed hour to study your Latin."

"Oh! thanks! thanks!" exclaimed the boy, throwing his arms round his mother's neck.

"To-morrow you shall begin," said the mother, embracing him. "And now, good-night!"

The child went happy to sleep, and had a beautiful dream of an immense valley surrounded by mountains, and he sitting near a beautiful clear stream which ran murmuring among plants and flowers of all kinds; some new and strange, and some familiar as those of his native land.

It was not alone the large and magnificent flowers of the tropics—cactuses, azaleas, magnolias; it was not alone the queens of our garden—the rose, the tuberose, the lily, the pink, which he saw; for about him were all the wild flowers of the fields—buttercups, daisies, violets, thyme, mosses, and lichens growing on the rocks, or by the water's edge. Every plant, every stalk, every chalice had, as it were, a distinct voice, and all those united accents formed a soft and flattering concert, which plunged little Charles in an ecstasy of bliss.

All at once he felt a warm breath on his cheek, followed by a kiss. The blissful sensation was so real that it awoke him. He saw his mother standing beside him, in the first faint light of dawn. The kiss came from her lips.

"It is time," said she; "day is breaking. Dress yourself, say your prayers, breakfast, and be off

into the fields before your father awakes. You have barely an hour to devote to your plants; go then, my son, since it is your passion and your happiness."

The child gratefully thanked his mother; and while she was assisting him to dress, he related to her his delightful dream.

The mother fondly fancied she saw in it an omen of fame and happiness for her son, and resolved to aid him in his vocation. As soon as he was dressed, she supplied him with a basin of smoking porridge, which the child ate with a good appetite. She then wrapped him up in a little overcoat of thick cloth, pulling the collar up to the ears, till the child's fresh and blooming face was almost hidden. He set off joyfully, a stick in his hand. The good mother had deprived herself of at least two hours of her accustomed rest to bestow this care on her son, and to gratify his wish.

Search your memories, children, who read these pages, and you, too, will find that your mothers have exercised this hopeful tenderness and self-denial for you!

For some days little Charles was able to herbalize in peace in the mountains, and discover in their cliffs a few stray flowers, and some frail mosses which the winter's snow had spared. But one morning the father, happening to rise sooner than

usual, flew into a great rage at not finding his son at home. In vain the mother alleged some pretext; the severe minister was not to be deceived, and vowed that the very next day the child should be sent to school. The poor mother sobbed and cried; but the father said her tears were of no avail; and when little Charles returned to the house he learnt that dissensions and sorrow had entered it through his fault. He endeavoured to excuse himself, and promised his father obedience for the future. The father remained inexorable. He went out giving orders to the mother to prepare her son's clothes, for that he should take him himself the next day to school at Wixio.

What heart-rending grief to both mother and child was the prospect of this sudden separation! The mother especially could not endure the idea of parting with her beloved boy, from whom she had never been separated a single day since the hour of his birth.

"No, no, it is impossible!" she kept repeating, covering with her hands her face bathed in tears.

At sight of his mother's sorrow, Charles stifled his own grief, and endeavoured to console her. He said—

"The town is close by; we shall see each other often; and I will work well and hard to

please my father, so that he may let me come home."

The mother, knowing that her husband's will was inflexible, began to pack up her son's clothes in a little trunk. She put at the bottom the beloved and unfortunate herbal; then a little supply of pocket-money, and some preserves and dried fruits—little delicacies which mothers delight in bestowing upon their children.

When the minister returned, the trunk was ready; and finding that his orders had been obeyed, his anger was appeased.

The rest of the day and the evening passed very sorrowfully. The father read his Bible as usual; the little girls knitted by the side of their mother, and scarcely anything was heard but smothered sighs and broken words. As for Charles, he was resigned, and sat with his head bent over his Latin exercises.

The hour of rest having arrived, the household prayers were said as usual. Then the son having wished his father good-night, the latter said—

"Good-night, my son; to-morrow we will depart for Wexio."

The child bowed in silence and withdrew, restraining his tears.

As soon as her husband was asleep, the mother gently glided to the bedside of her son, on whom

she lavished kisses and caresses, mingled with earnest entreaties to him to be careful of his health. This was their farewell.

As it was bitter cold, and the roads were covered with ice, our travellers set out in a sleigh early on the morrow. This exercise and the country they passed through diverted Charles's mind. But when he found himself in the town, which looked so black and dismal, and above all when the high walls of the school closed upon him, the poor child felt his heart sink within him.

His father briefly recommended him rather to the severity than to the care of his friend, the principal of the school, and then returned to his village, having accomplished, as he thought, his duty.

Little Charles felt himself at first as it were lost and abandoned, but by degrees the friendship and sympathy of some of the boys of his own age restored him to courage and cheerfulness. He resolved to work to satisfy his father, and as long as the winter lasted he applied himself diligently to his Latin and theological studies. But when spring appeared, he felt as it were a stormy and all-powerful impulse within him which carried him far beyond the walls of the school, through valleys and mountains, which were just beginning to be covered with budding vegetation. The

air he breathed was redolent of the perfume of flowers and herbs; he felt himself irresistibly attracted towards them; his beautiful dream recurred to him; he fancied he beheld in it an emblem of his destiny, and a promise of hope in his present misery. "God," he said to himself, "has not made me to be a Protestant minister. It is in another manner that I must serve Him and proclaim His greatness!"

He at first resisted the temptations of his unconquerable tastes. But one day, when the whole school was taking a walk in the country, he withdrew from his companions and lost himself among the rocks in a gorge tapestried with creeping plants and flowers. There, captivated by nature, embracing and caressing her as he would have embraced and caressed his mother, he forgot everything in the contemplation of the treasures offered to his sight. Evening surprised him filling his pockets and hat with the plants he had collected. Checked in his ardent search by the approaching darkness, he suddenly remembered school, and his anticipated punishment. Terrified at his breach of discipline, he dared not retrace his steps and ask pardon of the principal. Night was fully come: frightened, shivering, and overpowered with fatigue, he went to sleep in the cavity of a rock all overgrown with moss. The next day he was discovered by one of

the servants of the school sent in quest of him, and brought back as a truant.

The director wrote and informed his father of this outbreak on the part of his son: the father, thinking him incorrigible and perverse, replied to the principal that his son would never make anything but a bad minister of God, but that in order to punish him for his rebellion against his will, he would humiliate him by making a workman of him. And he gave orders for him to be put apprentice to a shoemaker.

Little Charles was of a gentle and yielding nature; he made no resistance, and even found at first a sort of semi-satisfaction in the half liberty allowed him by his strange and novel occupation. Before his daily labour began, he could wander in the fields, and on Sundays he enjoyed a whole day's freedom. Of an evening, and even during the night, he used to classify the plants and flowers which he had gathered, and wrote dissertations upon each of them. But insensibly this double and incessant labour of mind and body preyed upon his health. Moreover, to pass the day with ignorant and coarse companions was a severe trial to him. They mocked and jeered at him when he remained silent, reproached him with pride, and at times would even try to fasten some silly quarrel on him.

This struggle at last overcame him; he fell suddenly ill, and his master, the shoemaker, who had a liking for him, sent for the most skilful doctor in the country.

The physician was a very learned man, of the name of Rothman. When he arrived, Charles was in a high fever and slightly delirious. The doctor, unwilling to awaken him from his uneasy sleep, began silently to study the symptoms of the disorder. He discovered great excitement of the brain, and was confirmed in his observation by seeing on the apprentice's little table his herbals and manuscripts lying open by the bedside. He read some pages of these, and then fell immediately into a long reverie, all the while holding the invalid's pulse, which beat rapidly.

Charles continued to sleep, but his breathing was heavy and oppressed, as if he were labouring under a night-mare. He had, notwithstanding, another beautiful dream. He beheld himself surrounded by four men holding sceptres, and with crowns on their heads: by those crowns, and by the arms and decorations which they wore, he recognized in these men the King of Sweden, the King of England, the King of France, and the King of Spain. These monarchs smiled on him, laid treasures at his feet, and placed on his head the crown of nobility.

His dream was prophetic, for these kings subsequently loaded Linnæus with honours.

The good doctor, filled with anxiety, followed all the phases of this disturbed sleep; he at length managed to convey a little soothing drink down the throat of the patient, whose breathing from that moment grew gradually calmer. Shortly afterwards he quietly awoke. The fever ceased, thanks to the assiduous care of the worthy doctor, who had conceived a strong regard for his patient. As soon as the lad was convalescent the doctor gave him the opportunity of studying the works of Journefort, one of the most celebrated French naturalists; and as Charles was loud in his admiration when speaking of them—

"You will one day surpass him in renown," exclaimed the doctor.

"Ah! what is it you are saying to me?" he replied.

"I say, my young friend, that I have read your herbals and manuscripts, and that you will one day be the first naturalist in the world."

Charles regarded him with an air of doubt and sadness.

"Are you not mocking me?" said he.

"I!" warmly replied the worthy doctor; "how can you think so? I will take you away with me; you shall go and finish your studies at the

university of Lund, and in a little time, I am certain, you will be a professor yourself."

The good doctor's prediction was verified. A few years afterwards, the University of Upsal resounded with the fame of the young professor, Charles Linnæus.

From that time, having no longer to struggle against poverty, the genius of Linnæus was able to take its flight. He travelled in pursuit of his favourite subject into Norwegian Lapland, visited the Gulf of Bothnia, and returned to Upsal by Finland and the Isles of Aland. He also visited Hamburg, and thence proceeded to Holland. It was there that the illustrious physician, Boerhaave, discovered the extent of his genius, and laid the foundation of his future fame and fortune. Linnæus studied for three years in Holland, at the same time collecting materials for his great works, the principal of which are: "The System of Nature," "The Philosophy of Botany," "Flora Lapponica," "Materia Medica," &c., &c.

These different treatises spread with rapidity, and extended the fame of Linnæus throughout the world. From Holland he went to Paris, where he formed a lifelong friendship with the celebrated naturalist, Bernard de Jussieu. At length he settled himself in Sweden, where he obtained great and deserved honours. He taught botany

in the capital, and was appointed Physician to the King. He married, in 1740, Mlle. More, a young Swedish lady, to whom he had long been tenderly attached, and by whom he had four daughters and a son. His son succeeded him in his professor's chair, and one of his daughters distinguished herself by her works on botany. He died the 10th of January, 1778, at the age of seventy-one. He was interred in the cathedral of Upsal. Gustavus the Third himself proclaimed the regrets of the Swedes, in a discourse which he delivered before the States-General. This prince also composed the funeral oration of Linnæus, which was read in public. A temple containing some of the choicest productions of nature was erected to his memory in the gardens of the University of Upsal, and two medals were also struck in his honour.

The Heroism of Trust.

NOTES OF THE EARLY LIFE OF SIR HUMPHRY DAVY.

In this world, my young friends, much must be taken on "trust." We must, somehow or other, bad as the world is, have "faith" in those around us. As in the Gospel it is said that without faith it is impossible to please God, so in the transactions of this world it is impossible to get on without "trust" or confidence. Young persons who have generally true friends in their parents, who cannot wish them anything but good, should be especially careful to have confidence in them, and to trust them in the assurance that they have their true interests at heart, however strange may be their prohibition.

An instance of this occurs in the life—the early life—of Sir Humphry Davy, one of the most celebrated chemists that ever lived, and who in early years exhibited the most ardent love of knowledge and desire of investigation. Davy had, however, learned, doubtless through his own sagacity, that it was necessary to have faith in many things.

Davy went to a boarding-school at an early age.

His schoolmaster, a clergyman of the Church of England, was a man of the utmost benevolence, not only as regards his pupils, but he carried his kindness out in acts of the most disinterested character. It happened on one occasion that the old clergyman found at the gate of the mansion in which the school was carried on, a poor ragged man burning with fever, almost bare of clothes, and destitute of food. The clergyman questioned him, and found that he was a person who had seen "better days," and had even been educated at the same college with himself. Prompted by the benevolent spirit within him, he determined to offer the poor creature an asylum till such time as his health was restored. But as he was in a most deplorable condition, the clergyman did not like to take him into his house; and there being a small room adjoining the garden, which some of the boys occasionally used as a play-room, a bed was put up in it, and the poor man was located therein. The doctor was sent for, and he declared the man to be sickening with the small-pox. Now the old clergyman did not wish to tell his own children or any of the schoolboys that a man was there sick with the small-pox, lest it should make them and their friends afraid; but he called them together, and told them that he had reasons for their not going into the small play-room for some time,

and strictly enjoined them not to do so till he gave them leave.

The boys were extremely mortified at this, for although they had a play-room large enough for twice their number, yet they had a great partiality for the little play-room, and thought it an invasion of their rights and privileges to have this taken from them. They thought it a piece of unkindness in their tutor, and nothing but a whim on his part; and they grumbled and growled day after day at the supposed wrong inflicted upon them,—the more as they saw, every day, the clergyman and his wife going in and out of the room. They determined, therefore, among themselves to go into this room and see what was in it, at any hazard, and laid a plan for doing so on the following evening. Young Davy, however, who had listened to the pros and cons of the case, warmly opposed their resolutions of the injunction put upon the play-room, arguing that as their master had ever been kind and indulgent, they ought to have "trust" in him. "Depend upon it," said Davy, "he has some good reason for keeping us out of the room, and one day or other we shall find it out, if we go the right way about it."

"Why not find it out at once?" argued one of the boys, Dick Curran; "what's the use of waiting for other people's good time when we can come

at the secret ourselves? We have nothing to do but to lift up the latch and take a peep: it is done in a minute, and nobody is the wiser."

"If nobody is to be the wiser," said little Humphry, "we had better not break the law; and if we were all to be ever so much the wiser, I should not consent to our doing so."

"You consent!" said Curran: "who wants your consent? We shan't ask your leave. It's our play-room, I tell you; it has been taken from us without a reason, and we have a right to go and see what it means. So come along, boys; let us go and have a peep at once. We can only get a caning if we are found out, and I don't mind that a bit."

"But you shall not go into the room," replied little Humphry.

"And what is to prevent us?" inquired Curran, with a determined look.

"I will prevent it," said Humphry; "you know I am curator of the play-room, and it is my duty not to let any one go into it against orders."

"Stand out of the way," said Curran, and made a rush at Davy; but in a moment the latter put out his foot, and the former came down with a great fall.

This so intimidated the other boys, that they fell back, and knowing they were in the wrong, they began to feel frightened.

"No one shall pass this line," said Davy, scraping one with his toe on the ground, "while I can prevent it;" and he put himself in an attitude of defence.

The aggressor finding himself opposed, and that successfully, was to a great extent cowed by the event, and made no further attempt to force a passage. Davy observing them to hesitate, took the opportunity to expostulate with them.

"Boys," said he, "what is the use of our desiring to do what we are forbidden to do? Depend upon it, there is good reason for our being shut out of this room. Take my advice, and wait patiently for a day or two, and it is very likely we shall know the reason for our expulsion. Our master has never been unreasonable, but always kind to us, as all of you know. Let us therefore show a sense of gratitude on our part for doing what he wishes."

This straightforward appeal was not without its effect, and the boys ceased their efforts towards the play-room, and went to their studies and sports as usual. After a few days, they observed their schoolmaster bringing from the play-room a poor sick man, whose face bore visible marks of the ravage of that cruel disease, the small-pox, and then the whole truth rushed upon their minds. They had been prevented coming into contact with the disease by the heroism of young Hum-

phry, and felt at once thankful to him. The old clergyman informed them of the whole particulars of the case, and that all danger was past; and complimented them (he did not know what had taken place among them) upon their strict regard for his orders, and promised them a whole day's holiday as their reward; and the whole were delighted not more with their tutor's liberality than with the resolute conduct of little Humphry, whom they ever afterwards looked up to as their friend, leader, and adviser.

And thus it is, my young friends, that we should trust those who give us evidence of their "goodness." It is in the same way that we must learn to trust in God, who from apparent evil brings forth good. When sorrow, or affliction, or misfortune oppress us, we should have faith and trust in His providence, in His mercy, and in His love, for He will never deceive us, and will sustain and support all those that put their trust in Him.

Humphry Davy was born at Penzance, in Cornwall, in 1778. His father was a carver and gilder; and even in his earliest years the future chemist showed great aptitude in all sorts of learning, more especially in those studies connected with chemistry, philosophy, and natural science. He was a famous teller of traditionary, romantic, and exciting stories, and

among his schoolfellows was esteemed as highly accomplished. He was also fond of angling, a pursuit he followed in manhood with much assiduity. Showing great taste for natural history, his employer, a surgeon and apothecary at Penzance, supplied him with various books, and the young Humphry entered on a course of study in mathematics, metaphysics, physiology, and the allied sciences. He then commenced a series of experiments in chemistry, and by the time he reached manhood, made himself a name, which was soon after known throughout the civilized world. "Such," says his biographer, "was the commencement of Humphry Davy's career of original research, which, in a few years, by a succession of discoveries, accomplished more in relation to change of theory and extension of science than, in the most ardent and ambitious moments of youth, he could either have hoped to effect or imagined possible."

Had Humphry Davy not made a name in science by the publication of his first treatise—"Essays on Light and Heat," 1799—he could hardly have escaped being famous as a poet, for he wrote verse with ease and perspicuity. From a poem descriptive of St. Michael's Mount, Cornwall, we extract a passage descriptive of its traditionary history, which tells us that it was once the centre

of a forest, instead of being, as now, a lovely hill upon the seashore:—

"By the orient gleam
Whitening the foam of the blue waves that break
Around her granite feet, but dimly seen,
Majestic Michael rises! He whose brow
Is crowned with castles, and whose rocky sides
Are clad with dusky ivy. He whose base,
Beat with the storm of ages, stands unmoved
Amidst the wreck of things—the change of time.
That base, encircled by the azure waves,
Was once with verdure clad, the lowering oaks,
Whose awful shades among the Druids strayed,
To cut the hallowed mistletoe, and hold
High converse with their gods."

The great discovery made by Humphry Davy of the Safety Lamp, by whose light the workers in deep mines may toil without fear of the dreadful gases known as choke-damp and fire-damp, has rendered the name of the philosopher familiar to the world. A very curious memorandum given to the public by his brother, shows us how the young chemist disposed of his time long before he became famous.

The earliest of his note-books bears date 1798, and is on many accounts a literary curiosity. It is a small quarto, with parchment covers. On the outside of one of them is a figure of an ancient lyre drawn with a pen; and on the other, an

olive leaf, encircling a lamp, as if in anticipation of confining flame in the Safety Lamp. At the commencement of the book is the following plan of study :—

1. Theology or Religion. } Taught by nature.
   Ethics or moral virtues. } By revelation.
2. Geography.
3. My Profession: I. Botany; II. Pharmacy; III. Nosology; IV. Anatomy; V. Surgery; VI. Chemistry.
4. Logic.
5. Languages: I. English; II. French; III. Latin; IV. Greek; V. Italian; VI. Spanish; VII. Hebrew.
6. Physics: I. The doctrines and properties of natural bodies; II. Of the operations of nature; III. Of the doctrines of fluids; IV. Of the properties of organized matter; V. Simple astronomy.
7. Mechanics.
8. Rhetoric and oratory.
9. History and chronology.
10. Mathematics.

Davy was essentially a self-made man. Of himself he has said, "I envy no quality of the mind or intellect in others; not genius, power, wit, nor fancy; but if I could choose what would be most delightful, and I believe most useful to me, I should prefer a firm religious belief to every other blessing; for it makes life a discipline of goodness—creates new hopes, when all earthly hopes vanish; and throws over the decay, the

destruction of existence, the most gorgeous of all lights; awakens life even in death, and from corruption and decay calls up beauty and divinity; makes an instrument of torture and of shame the ladder of ascent to paradise; and far above all combination of earthly hopes, calls up the most delightful visions of plains and amaranths, the gardens of the blest, the security of everlasting joys, where the sensualist and the sceptic view only gloom, decay, annihilation, and despair."

Winckelmann,

THE LEARNED COBBLER.

We know of few things whose aspect and interior present a more dreary appearance than a country cobbler's stall. It is usually a little queer building leaning against the wall of some garden, church, or enclosure. In the interior is the cobbler's bench, covered with work begun, materials for making or repairing shoes, and the cobbler's tools; two or three wooden stools are round the bench; at the farthest end is a little stove and the humble bed of the household, if household there be; from the walls are suspended a few poor little engravings and a small shaving-glass.

It was in such a stall that there lived, in 1729, a poor cobbler of the little town of Steindall, in Germany. This stall stood against the black and moss-grown wall of the college garden, and very often the schoolboys used to amuse themselves by throwing fruit and nuts into the poor shoemaker's dwelling, calling out, "Good-morrow, cobbler." At another time, it would be their shoes that wanted mending that they would throw, at the risk of being severely reprimanded by their

Supper over, the father would resume his work, and the child would read to him out of the books which he received as prizes." *Page* 231.

themselves at home, and as they supped, they related to each other the events of the day. The child, a delicate but pretty boy, with an expressive countenance and fair curly hair, would tell his father how he every day learned something new, and how his masters, delighted with his progress, spoke of sending him to college as a pattern scholar. The father, radiant with joy, would then embrace the child, regard him with pride almost, as we regard something superior to ourselves, and exclaim in a tone of deep emotion,—

"Oh! my dear Joachim, why am I not rich that I might make a learned and happy man of you?"

"I should like to begin by being learned," little Joachim would reply; "we can then be happy afterwards."

And as he spoke, he helped his father to discharge his household duties, and questioned the good man as to what he had seen and what he had done in the course of the day. Supper over, the father would resume his work, and the child would read to him out of the books which he received as prizes.

The father would sometimes persuade him to read in his old Bible, his wife's last parting gift. But little Joachim preferred reading a German

translation of Homer, which had been his last prize at school. At each stanza the child would stop to express his surprise and delight. "What a world! What a country! What a sky! What landscapes! What beauty must those gods and heroes have possessed!" he would exclaim; and by degrees the poor cobbler insensibly grew to take an interest in these heroic strains which so enchanted his son.

One day the latter exclaimed,—"But there is something wanting in this book."

"What is that?" inquired the father.

"The beautiful images and statues which make all those gods and goddesses of whom Homer sings live before our eyes. Oh, father, if we were only rich, we would buy Jupiter, Juno, Mars, and Venus, Venus above all, whom I see always surrounded by a mist, and bathing in the Ægean sea!"

The poor cobbler listened to his son without exactly understanding him, but what he did understand by heart was that his son had desires which his poverty prevented him from gratifying. And he fretted over this discovery more and more every day. He also felt his infirmities increase, and he reflected that with them poverty must also increase in their humble abode. To avoid grieving his son, he concealed his own distress; but when he was alone during the day, big tears

would at times roll down his withered cheeks. Now there is no more pitiful sight than the tears of a man, and especially of an old man; there must be something very bitter in his grief when it displays itself thus. The poor father had no other joy in his painful and laborious life than to see his child smiling and happy when he returned from school of an evening; on which account he racked his brain every day to procure some little surprise, which made the child's eyes sparkle with joy. Sometimes it was some little delicacy added to their frugal supper, just as a mother would have done; sometimes a book which he bought of a hawker, depriving himself for two or three days of his pipe (that companion so dear to a German), to bestow this pleasure on his dear little Joachim.

From the evening when the boy had wished for some of the pictures out of Homer's book, the good cobbler had dreamed of nothing but gratifying his wish. But where to find a Jupiter, a Juno, and above all, a Venus? There was no museum at Steindall, and the good old man had never beheld a statue of the goddess of beauty in his life.

One morning, when he had to take back to the college the mended shoes belonging to some of the pupils, the porter requested him to wait in a little parlour whilst he went to fetch him his

money, and some other shoes to repair. The cobbler attentively regarded the walls of this apartment, decorated with little framed drawings, the performances of the pupils; these were copies of the Greek gods and heroes, and among them two of the goddess Venus: on seeing this magic name of Venus inscribed at the bottom of two drawings of the beautiful goddess, the old man, bowed by age and infirmities, stood erect with pleasure. The porter found him standing motionless and spell-bound before those very commonplace drawings.

"What are you looking at there, old fellow?" said he in an accent of surprise; "does the sight of those two beautiful women delight you?"

"Oh, yes! and I will willingly return you the money you were going to give me, if you will allow me to carry them away with me."

The porter burst out laughing.

"Oh, do not laugh at me!" replied the honest cobbler; "it is to gratify a wish of my child, who dreams of nothing but the goddesses of antiquity."

"And how old may this little lad be?" inquired the porter.

"He is ten years old," replied the father.

"Well, he must be very precocious, at all events," replied the other, still laughing.

"Oh! he is precocious, I warrant you; he is always first in the free school; he already knows as much as the masters, and if he could only gain admission into your college, I will answer for it he would soon become one of your best pupils. Oh! my good sir," continued the old man, seeing that the porter no longer laughed, but was listening attentively to him, "do something for him; speak of him to your principal, and in the mean time suffer me to take away those pictures, if you do not set too great a value on them."

"Stay, stay a little," replied the porter, flattered by this appeal to his protection; "there are three of those who learn drawing, playing at ball in the playground at this moment; they are the same who gave me these pictures, as you call them; I dare say they have some others which they will give you willingly, for they are good little fellows."

The porter called the three schoolboys, who came running and leaping towards him, and as soon as they were informed of the object of the cobbler's ambition,—

"Certainly we will oblige you," they all exclaimed at once; and flying to their rooms, they soon returned bringing armfuls of studies and sketches. "There," said they, scattering the drawings at the cobbler's feet; "there are Venuses,

Nymphs, and Cupids too; take all those for your child, since he has a fancy for these things; he may perhaps be destined to become one day a great painter! Bring him here; we will get our drawing-master to examine him."

The happy old man stammered out his thanks, and knew not how to express his gratitude. As he was collecting and arranging the precious drawings, he said to the porter and the children,—

"Make what use you please of my poor services; I shall take no more of your money; you have paid me for the rest of your life."

The pupils began to laugh at this idea. "Never mind, good man," said they; "think only of enjoying yourself and being happy; and to-morrow bring your little boy here;" and, tossing their balls, they started off to the playground to resume their interrupted sports.

The porter reconducted the happy old man to the outer door.

"Come to-morrow," said he; "I promise you to speak to the principal about your boy this very day."

The well-pleased cobbler regained his stall, humming an old German air. He had not sang since the death of his beloved wife, and his contentment must have been very great for it to break out in this burden, which the poor deceased used

to croon herself, beside the cradle of their child.

When he regained his humble dwelling he thought no more of setting to work; he gave himself a holiday for the rest of the day; he shut himself up in his stall, and began to arrange and hang on the wall all the drawings that had been given to him: he wished his child to have the pleasing surprise of perceiving them suddenly on his return from school. The Venuses were placed in the midst, the Cupids and secondary personages on each side. When this labour was ended, he went out to purchase his supper, and as he had received a little money from the college, and as his heart was light with joy, he brought back a number of good things, in order to have a feast. It was many years since the poor cobbler had sat down to the like. He spread a nice white cloth upon the little table, covered it with the repast, hid in a corner the old shoes and the tools, lit the stove and the little iron lamp, and impatiently awaited the return of Joachim.

The child entered, bringing his father a handful of wallflowers, which the schoolmaster's wife, who was very fond of him, had given him. It seemed as if she had anticipated this little family festival, and had wished to add something to grace it.

"What is it?" said he, entering the stall, with-

out noticing the drawings hanging on the wall; "what a capital supper! Are you expecting that old cousin from Sechausen, who has been coming to pay us a visit for a month past?"

"I am expecting no one but you, and it is in honour of you that this grand supper is prepared," replied the father, throwing his arms round his beloved child. "But look round a little," he added; "opposite you, beside the funnel of the stove."

Joachim raised his head and perceived the drawings. He first uttered a cry, and then stood mute with surprise. He took down two, and laid them on the table, and supporting his head in his hands, began to consider the drawings with a strange fixity of look. At the bottom of one was written, "*Copied from the Marble Venus at Florence;*" at the bottom of the other, "*Designed from a fresco in the Parthenon at Athens.*" One of these crayon sketches was a very imperfect drawing of the Venus de Medicis; the other, one of those magnificent caryatides, with floating draperies, which seem to live and move in the frescoes of the Parthenon, and may be seen at the present day in the British Museum.

True, these schoolboy sketches gave Joachim but a very imperfect idea of those divine sculptures; the relief, the colouring, and the propor-

tions of the original work were wanting; wanting especially was that warm colour which at times imparts to marble the animation of life. No matter; those rude sketches still preserved something of the ideal beauty of those marvellous creations of art. Young Joachim contemplated them in a state of bewildering intoxication. For the first time they rendered palpable to him the beauty of form of which he had so constantly dreamed while reading the "Iliad." But those two works of art, of which he caught only the faint reflection, existed in all their beauty in Greece and Italy. Henceforth those two classic grounds of the beautiful in art became the world of his day-dreams.

The following day, the old cobbler donned his Sunday garb, dressed his son in his best clothes, and conducted him to the college. The porter received them in the manner of a confident patron.

"Come in, come in, my little friend," said he, with a smile of triumph, and taking Joachim by the hand; "I have spoken of you to our excellent vicar, M. Toppert; he is expecting you." And turning towards the cobbler he added: "Follow us, my worthy man; you will see that I do not promise what I cannot perform."

They traversed several outer courts till they arrived at the private apartments of the vicar.

He was a noble-looking old man, with silver hair, and a serene and expressive countenance; he called the child kindly towards him, and began to question him about his studies. Little Joachim replied frankly, distinctly, and in an intelligent manner to all these questions; he astonished the vicar; occasionally he even went beyond his questions. It was thus that, when questioned on the subject of Greek literature, he demonstrated how, in that admirable period of civilisation, poetry and art had flowed from religion; and uttered, on the subject of the exquisite sculpture of antiquity, things that he could as yet have known by intuition only.

When the good vicar asked him if he had a taste for drawing, Joachim replied that he had, and that to learn to draw would be always of the greatest use to him, were it only to describe the lines and outlines of the master-pieces of statuary that struck him,—as we make notes on a literary subject.

The vicar was struck with the justice of this reply, and promised him that he should enter the drawing-class the very next day.

"Can it be?" exclaimed the cobbler, who had hitherto maintained a strict silence; "can it be possible that you are going to admit my poor boy into your college?"

"Yes, you can bring what few things he has, this evening, if you like: consider the matter as settled."

The cobbler was profuse in his heartfelt thanks and acknowledgments.

The child bowed respectfully to the good vicar, who took an affectionate farewell of him, saying, "To-morrow, then, or this evening if you like, my little friend."

The father and child departed joyfully, bestowing a thousand thanks upon the kind porter.

In the first flush of joy, the cobbler only regarded the education which his son was going to receive, and the latter thought of nothing but his beloved studies. But when they found themselves once more alone in the poor stall, where their mutual affection had caused them to pass so many happy hours, even the very evening before, little Joachim, while his father was making a parcel of his books, shirts, and humble clothing, began to cry, while the latter strove in vain to restrain his own tears. Tears make no more ravages in youth than does the dew that waters the flowers; but the tears of old men are bitter and destructive; they resemble those storms which shatter, uproot, and devastate nature. The poor cobbler was so pale while aiding his son to prepare for his departure, that he seemed as if stricken with sudden illness.

"Not to come home every night to sup and sleep with you, will be very sorrowful," said the child, his tears continuing to flow.

"It must be so," replied the father, endeavouring to conceal his own weakness; "you can bid me good-night over the wall by throwing over a branch of a tree or a little pebble."

The child smiled at this idea, and promised not to fail.

They consoled each other as well as they could, and towards night they knocked at the college gate; it closed quickly upon little Joachim; they were forced to shorten their farewell.

It was the hour for evening recreation; the child's mind was soon diverted from his grief by the eager attentions of his schoolfellows, who received him kindly and cordially. It was not the same with the father, who was left alone after the separation. On quitting the college he had not courage to return immediately to his poor stall; he wandered solitary and disconsolate round the walls which now contained his beloved son; and although the night was very cold, he made the round of them several times. It seemed to him as if the child would appear to him somewhere through those envious stones. He did not make up his mind to return until the tinkling of the college bell announced the hour for the pupils to retire to

the dormitories; he lit his little iron lamp, but he had not the heart to light the fire to prepare his supper and to warm himself; he went to bed quite frozen with cold, and overpowered with grief and sadness, and when he went to stretch his poor limbs on his pallet, he felt his rheumatism returning more sharply and acutely than it had done for years. He passed the night in the most excruciating pain, and when he would have risen the next morning, he found it impossible, he was as one paralysed; he heard some customers knock at his door, without being able to go and open it to them; soon after he heard the little pebble, which was his son's good-morrow, fall upon his roof without being able to reply, as agreed on, by singing the verse of a song. Three times the child renewed the signal, and still the stall remained dumb, for the poor old man's tongue was almost tied, and he could only articulate a few faint words.

But to return to our little Joachim: he had gone to sleep the evening before, consoled and quite joyful at the prospect of the studies which were to commence on the morrow. The good vicar, M. Toppert, had introduced him to the fine library of the college, and had shown him the beautiful engravings, which rendered, much better than the drawings he had at first admired, the magnificent

statues of antiquity. His master had permitted him to come and read and study in the library, and to give to his instincts for the great and beautiful their full development. He felt himself intoxicated with joy, in presence of this world of science whose threshold he had just crossed. But when he had given the signal agreed on, by throwing the little pebble on to his father's roof, and the old man's voice was not raised in reply, he felt all at once a presentiment of some misfortune. He unburthened his mind to the good porter, and the latter promised him to go and inquire after the cobbler. A little time after he went and knocked at the door of the stall, which was shut from within.

"Shake it hard," said a feeble voice from the interior, "and it will yield."

The porter gave a violent push, and the door opened.

"Have me taken to the hospital, my good man," said the shoemaker on perceiving him; "it is the last service I implore of your charity. I have lost the use of my limbs, and am incapable of work."

The other, when he looked at him, saw that what he said was true.

"A little patience," he replied. "I will bring the college physician to see you."

"Oh! above all things do not say a word of this to my Joachim."

"Make your mind easy."

The porter, on his return to the college, avoided the child, who was, besides, in school: he informed the vicar of the condition in which the poor old man was. The latter sent to summon the physician, and they both repaired to the stall. After examining the old man, the physician decided that it would be best to have him taken at once to the hospital of Steindall, where, thanks to his recommendation, he would be well taken care of, and provided with all necessaries.

"I will undertake to inform and console your son," said the vicar, to calm the father's uneasiness; "and every Sunday, after service, he shall come and see you."

The first interview between the two was heart-rending in the extreme. This time it was the father who had to soothe his son's grief; for it seemed to the son that it was unkind, and ungrateful, of him to leave in this asylum of poverty, the father who had lavished such tender care upon his childhood.

"You can do nothing," replied the good old man. "You can only work, grow, and obtain a situation when you are learned enough, and then you will be able to be a help to me."

"Oh! I shall not wait so long," replied the child, who had taken a sudden and inward resolution.

Strong in his will, he quitted his father, saying, "On Sunday," with a smile which signified "you shall be satisfied with me."

The Sunday following the child brought his father a little money which he had earned himself. The invalid, greatly moved, inquired how he had become possessed of it.

"By doing what I have for so long seen you do yourself: by mending, in play-hours, my companions' shoes. I went to the old stall; I took your leather and your tools, and I set cheerfully to work. I gained also a little money by giving some lessons to the younger boys in the college. I shall continue this every week, and on Sunday I will bring you what I have earned. That will procure you many little comforts; you can have tobacco, beer, and occasionally that good sour krout which you are so fond of."

The old man smiled through his tears, and held his affectionate child a long time pressed to his heart.

A good and generous sentiment lends greatness even to the most commonplace things; hence the mind of little Joachim rose superior to the coarse labour which occupied his hours of recreation.

Whilst he was putting in nails, or patching a pair of old shoes, his thoughts would wander to the Olympus of Homer, or else it was Demosthenes who filled his imagination and transported it to that Athens he loved so much. He had begun the study of Greek, and made rapid progress in it. Guided and directed in his studies by excellent masters who divined his tastes, he soon acquired a very just and extended acquaintance with the arts and sciences of antiquity. He had heard that there was in the neighbourhood of Steindall a plot of ground in which were buried Greek and Roman antiquities; and during his walks with the school outside the town he was constantly endeavouring to entice his companions towards this precious field. He had gained by his amiable disposition and his intelligence, and above all by what was known of his conduct to his father, an irresistible ascendancy over his schoolfellows. When he spoke to them of his intense desire to search this old Roman field, every one applauded and promised him his assistance. The richest among the pupils undertook to procure the necessary implements—shovels, spades, plummets; and at length, one fine spring morning during one of their walks, they commenced operations in earnest. It was a pleasant sight to see all those young arms actively engaged in digging and turning up the ground; all

those young faces bathed in perspiration, and anxiously watching to see if anything turned up beneath the rapid stroke of the pickaxe. The first day they found nothing but some small medals and some fragments of earthenware; still, this was an encouragement; and M. Toppert, to whom they carried the medals, authorized them to continue their researches, a permission of which all the pupils, with Joachim at their head, joyfully availed themselves.

The second day's work was attended with great success. A charming bronze lamp of perfect form and design, such as antiquity alone knew how to fashion, rewarded their toil, and was carried in triumph to the good rector.

On the third occasion, Joachim directed all the operations himself; he had reflected that this lamp must have been suspended at the entrance of a tomb, and that this tomb must exist since the lamp had been found. He therefore dug deeply in the same direction, and had soon the satisfaction of hearing his spade strike against something hard which felt like stone. Again was their zeal rewarded; a tomb was discovered; it had an inscription, but no sculpture. Joachim cleared the opening with his hands and arms, and drew forth triumphantly two beautiful funereal urns covered with bas-reliefs.

The young collegians made a litter of foliage and flowers to bear in triumph to the college this magnificent discovery. Joachim marched at the head of the procession, like the general of an army returning after a victory. He felt that at this moment his comrades were his subjects, and that he might ask anything of them.

"Oh! my friends," said he, "if we could first just stop for a moment at the hospital, I could embrace my poor father, who would be so happy in my happiness."

"Yes! yes! to the hospital!" was echoed by every voice; and the procession changed its route. It stopped for a moment in the outer court of the hospital, then ascended a steep staircase, and entered the very clean and whitewashed apartment occupied by the poor infirm patient. Thanks to the assistance which his son had brought him every Sunday, he had been enabled to have a room separate from the other patients, and to enjoy many little additional comforts.

The old man's pallid countenance beamed with delight as he lay in his bed when he beheld this joyous troop enter, marshalled by his son, and bearing in triumph the two antique urns.

When he had listened to the recital of this discovery, the good cobbler exclaimed:—"My dear son, you are then become celebrated already!"

This was, indeed, the commencement of the future renown of young Joachim. Toppert, and the other authorities of the town, decided that these two beautiful antique urns should be presented to the library of Sechausen, and that on the pedestal that supported them should be inscribed:—"*Discovered near Steindall, in* 1730, *by Joachim Winckelmann.*"

The subject of the foregoing tale, Jean Joachim Winckelmann, one of the most illustrious antiquaries of modern times, was the son of a poor shoemaker of Steindall, in Brandenburg. At a very early age the child displayed the most decided taste and fondness for every thing relating to the fine arts: architecture, sculpture, painting, music, the euphony of tongues, possessed an irresistible attraction for him: he exchanged his Christian names of Jean Joachim for that of *Giovanni*, as more harmonious, and it was thus that he always signed his works. His father appreciated the intelligent turn of his son's mind, without, at the same time, being able to divine its particular bent, and notwithstanding his extreme poverty, imposed upon himself privations of all sorts to enable him to meet the necessary expenses of his son's elementary education. Unfortunately he became infirm, and was compelled to enter a hospital.

In this state of utter destitution, young Winckelmann would have been reduced to the necessity of following his father's trade, had it not been for the assistance rendered him by the old vicar of Steindall. This good old man's name was Toppert; he soon remarked his pupil's wonderful aptitude for study, and in a short time he saw him explain and comment on, with the same accuracy which he himself would have done, the classic authors of Greece and Rome. Greece especially had an irresistible attraction for him. He raved of Homer and Herodotus: the descriptions which he found in them showed him all the beauty of Grecian art, whose image possessed him even before he had been able to admire its masterpieces: he dreamed of nothing but Greek and Roman antiquities, and would often lead his schoolmates to a field near Steindall, where a discovery had been made of some lamps and Etruscan vases; and there, under the direction of young Winckelmann, the schoolboys made some little investigations. One day Winckelmann brought back in triumph two antique urns, which are still in the library at Sechausen.

At the age of sixteen, his benefactor, Toppert, permitted Winckelmann to go to Berlin to commence what is called in Germany academic courses. Soon after, the rector of the college of Baaken

intrusted him with the superintendence of his children, and afforded him in return lodging and board at his table. Winckelmann was thus enabled to put by little sums which he sent to his father, who was languishing in the hospital of Steindall. At the end of a year, Toppert recalled him to that town, and gave him the situation of leader of the choristers. Of an evening he joined, according to the custom in Germany, the poor scholars, who sang canticles and motetts in the streets. He succeeded by this means in augmenting the little sums which he carried regularly to his father.

The moment for choosing finally a career, at length arrived for him. He was advised to become a minister, but he shrank from the mere idea. To dwell in cold, barren Germany as a Protestant pastor, seemed to him as perpetual imprisonment to his youth and mind. One bright image, that of ancient Greece, had taken sole possession of his imagination; the sun and the art of that favoured land dazzled him with their lustre; it grew a fixed idea, which allowed him no more repose. In default of Greece, might he not visit Italy, which had inherited a portion of the wonders of Athens?

This dream took possession of his mind: to realize it he would have sacrificed everything.

He quitted Steindall, and passed two years in the University of Halle, pursuing his dream in a state of poverty closely bordering on want: his usual diet was nothing but bread and water. At times he imagined that he was prosecuting his researches among the pyramids of Egypt; at others, that he was disturbing the soil at the foot of Olympus, and bringing to light the buried masterpieces of Phidias or Lysippus. His only consolation during those years of a crossed vocation was in visiting the museum at Dresden, where he was at length able to enjoy the sight of some fine antique marbles. For several years to come he was by turns preceptor in private houses, and professor in public institutions. Weary at length of this life of constraint, he determined to write to Count Bunaw, a very rich German nobleman, very learned, and a friend of art. Winckelmann solicited him to place him in a corner of his library: the Count immediately gave him an asylum in the castle which contained this magnificent library, and was a kind and liberal patron to Winckelmann. It was then that the young antiquary began to exclaim, "The Christian religion and the Muses have disputed for victory, and the latter have at length gained it!"

Whilst Winckelmann was residing in this castle, devoting himself exclusively to his beloved stu-

dies, and already laying the foundation of his magnificent "History of the Arts among the Ancients," the papal nuncio at Dresden came to visit the Count de Bunaw's library, and struck with the artistic erudition of Winckelmann, said to him: "You should come to Rome!" This was the electric spark that set fire to his dream. To go to Rome, to obtain a place in the Vatican library, seemed happiness too great for belief.

At length he saw Italy, he resided at Rome, and assisted in the researches of Herculaneum. It was at Rome that he wrote all his works. He lived there happy, appreciated, and was elected member of all the academies of Italy, as well as those of Germany and London.

His countrymen, proud of his renown, entreated him to return to Germany. Frederick the Great wished to attach him to his court. Winckelmann resisted all these entreaties. Italy, with its light, its sky, and its golden mountains, being henceforth his adopted mother, he would not consent to quit her for ever, unless Greece had summoned him. He promised his friends, however, that he would go and pay them a visit. He quitted Rome with great reluctance, and as if haunted with a presentiment that this journey to Germany would turn out ill for him. By degrees, as he approached the Alps, and the gorges of the Tyrol, his melan-

choly increased. The honours which he received at Munich, at Vienna, and in all the courts of Germany, could not restore his cheerfulness; he had lost his sun and his gods. The Prime Minister of Austria did all in his power to attach him to his court. His friends almost insisted; "but," said one of them, "we remarked *that he had the eyes of a dead man*, and we refrained from tormenting him further." Life to him was the light and the art which from Greece had taken refuge in Italy; death was cold and didactic Germany. At length he departed, loaded with the honours and presents which sovereigns had vied with each other in lavishing upon him. On his return to his adopted country, he determined, from what motive is not known, to pass through Trieste, to embark thence for Ancona. He encountered on his journey a wretch, named Francis Archangeli, an escaped convict, who managed to insinuate himself into the confidence of Winckelmann, who showed him the magnificent gold medals he had received from the princes of Germany. Arrived at Trieste, Archangeli took up his abode in the same inn with Winckelmann. One day, when the latter was sitting reading his favourite Homer, he saw enter his room his travelling companion, who begged to be allowed to admire once more his medals. Winckelmann, to oblige him, hastened to his

trunk, and knelt down to open it. In an instant, Archangeli slipped a running knot round his neck and attempted to strangle him. Winckelmann resisted with all his strength; but the assassin stabbed him in five places. A child happened at this moment to knock at the door. The murderer, equally alarmed, took flight, leaving behind him the medals which were to be the fruits of his crime. He was afterwards taken and executed.

Winckelmann's wounds were mortal. He expired, after seven hours' suffering, on the 8th of June, 1768, a remarkable example of what boys may do, by untiring energy and perseverance.

Horatio Nelson.

THE great Lord Nelson was from his infancy remarkable for his disinterestedness and intrepidity. When at school at North Walsham, the master, the Rev. Mr. Jones, had some remarkably fine pears, which his scholars had often wished for, but the attempt to gather them was in their opinion so hazardous that no one would undertake it. Horatio, then, seeing all his companions lagged, came forward and offered to brave the danger. He was accordingly lowered down from the dormitory by means of sheets tied together, and thus, at a considerable risk, secured the prize; but the boldness of the act was all the young adventurer regarded; for, on being hauled up again, he shared the pears among his schoolfellows, without reserving any for himself; and added, "I only took them because every other boy was afraid."

It is also related of him that at an early period, and when he was quite a child, he strayed from his grandmother's house at Hilborough after birds-nests, with a cow-boy. The dinner hour arrived without his appearance; the alarm of the family

became very great, for they apprehended that he had been carried off by the gipsies. Search was instantly made in various directions, and at length he was discovered, without his companion, sitting with the utmost confidence by the side of a stream, which he had been unable to pass. "I wonder, child," said the old lady, on seeing him, "that hunger and fear did not drive you home." "Fear never came near me, grandmamma," replied the infant hero; "what *is* fear?"

Another anecdote is related strikingly characteristic of that inflexible honour which marked the subsequent actions of his life. When the brothers William and Horatio were once going to school on their ponies, William, who did not like the journey, having advanced a short distance from his father's gate, and found that a great deal of snow had fallen, returned with his brother to the parsonage, and informed Mr. Nelson that the snow was too deep to venture. "If that be the case," replied the father, "you certainly shall not go; but make another attempt, and I will leave it to your honour. If the road should be found dangerous, you may return; yet remember, boys, I leave it to your honour." They accordingly proceeded, and, although various difficulties presented themselves which offered a plausible reason for their return home, Horatio was proof against them all, ex-

claiming, "We have no excuse; remember, brother, it was left to our honour."

When Nelson was only fourteen years of age, he accompanied the expedition for discovering a north-west passage, commanded by the Hon. Captain Phipps, afterwards Lord Mulgrave. Horatio went on board the Carcass as captain's coxswain. In this perilous enterprise young Nelson particularly distinguished himself. Speaking of it in his Memoirs, written many years after, he says:—"When the boats were fitted out to quit the two ships blocked up in the ice, I exerted myself to have the command of a four-oared cutter, which was given me with twelve men, and I prided myself on fancying I could navigate her better than any other boat in the ship."

Another anecdote, which occurred while the vessels were in the Polar Sea, though well known, ought not to be omitted in the "HEROISM OF BOYHOOD." Among the gentlemen on the quarter-deck of the Carcass, who were not rated midshipmen, there was besides young Nelson a daring shipmate to whom he had become attached. One night, during the mid-watch, it was concerted between them that they should go together from the ship, and endeavour to obtain a bear's skin. Nelson, in high spirits, led the way over the frightful chasms on the ice, armed with a rusty

musket. It was not, however, long before the adventurers were missed by those on board; and as the fog had come on very thick, the anxiety of the captain and his officers was very great. Between three and four in the morning the mist somewhat dispersed, and the hunters were discovered at a considerable distance, attacking a large bear. The signal was constantly made for their return; but it was in vain that Nelson's companion urged him to obey it. He was divided by a chasm in the ice from his shaggy antagonist, which circumstance probably saved his life, for the musket had flashed in the pan, and their ammunition was expended. "Never mind," said Nelson; "do but let me get a blow at the fellow with the butt-end of my musket, and we shall have him." His companion, finding that entreaty was vain, regained the ship. The captain, seeing the youth's danger, ordered a gun to be fired to terrify the enraged animal. This had the desired effect, but Nelson was obliged to return without his bear. On reaching the ship he was reprimanded by Captain Lutwidge, who desired to know what motive he could have for hunting a bear. "Sir," replied Nelson, "I wished to kill the bear that I might carry his skin to my father."

The high spirit and intrepidity displayed by Nelson was as evident in his school days as in after

life. He was first sent to a small school at Downham, in Norfolk; and during the intervals of study he was often seen in the market-place, working away, with his schoolfellows and the boys of the place, at the pump, to get enough water collected in a hollow of the ground to swim a little ship in. It was in this place too that he showed the kind and compassionate disposition for which he was ever afterwards known. A shoemaker had a pet lamb, and Nelson, in leaving his shop one day, had the misfortune to jam the little animal in the doorway. Nelson was so concerned at the accident, that he would not leave the shop till he was assured the poor creature was not seriously injured; and for several days he called on the shoemaker to inquire about the pet and to make offers of remuneration to the master.

Nelson gives a brief but graphic account of his own birth and early life. "I was born," says he, "on the 29th of September, 1758, in the parsonage-house; was sent to the High School at Norwich, and afterwards removed to Northway, from whence, on the disturbance with Spain relative to the Falkland Islands, I went to sea with my uncle, Captain Maurice Suckling, in the Raisonnable, of 64 guns; but the business with Spain being accommodated, I was sent in a West India ship belonging to the house of Hibbert Parrier

Horton, with Mr. John Rathbone, who had formerly been in the navy, in the Dreadnought, with Captain Suckling. From this voyage I returned to the Triumph, at Chatham, in July, 1772; and if I did not improve in my education, I returned a practical seaman, with a horror of the royal navy, and with a saying then common with the seamen, 'Aft the most honour, forward the better man.'"

From such a beginning—for Nelson was but a weak, puny boy—arose the greatest sea-captain England ever knew. He passed, by regular gradation, to the highest position in the profession, was loaded with honours, and created a peer of Great Britain, with a pension of 2000*l.* a year for three lives. His praises were on all lips, and he was literally covered with glory. Russia, Denmark, and Sweden having entered into a confederacy with France against the maritime rights of Great Britain, Nelson was sent, in the spring of 1801, to the Baltic. On the 29th of March he attacked the Danish fleet, and destroyed it, which action was immediately followed by a peace with Denmark.

On the renewal of hostilities after the peace of Amiens, Nelson was sent to the West Indies in search of the French fleet, which had escaped from Toulon; but he was unsuccessful; and on the 29th of September, 1805, he arrived off Cadiz, with a fleet under his command of twenty-seven

sail of the line and four frigates. On the 21st of October, he came up with the enemy, off Cape Trafalgar. Their fleet consisted of thirty-three sail of the line, and seven large frigates. Their vessels were superior, both in size and in weight of metal, to ours.

Nelson, already calculating on victory, asked one of his captains how many he thought he should take. "Fourteen," he said, "he should consider a very handsome number." "I shall not be satisfied," exclaimed Nelson, "with less than twenty!" Soon after he made his celebrated and well-known signal,—"ENGLAND EXPECTS EVERY MAN TO DO HIS DUTY!"—and the whole fleet received it with a shout of acclamation. About twelve o'clock, the French began firing; and Admiral Collingwood cut through the centre of the enemy's line astern of the Santa Anna, a three-decked vessel, and engaged her on the starboard side, at the muzzle of her guns. Nelson commanded the Victory to be steered to the bow of the Spanish ship, Santissima Trinidad. Before this could be effected, a raking fire was kept up on Nelson's ship, which cut off fifty of her men, with her booms, and sails, and maintop-mast. In order to break the enemy's line, the Victory ran on board the Redoubtable, which received her with a broadside, and then closed her lower-deck ports, lest she should be boarded

through them. She never afterwards fired a shot.

Nelson gave orders twice, that, as this vessel was silent, they should cease firing on her. It was from this ship that his death-shot came. Bearing on his breast the four stars of the different Orders which had been conferred on him, he was readily distinguished, and shot from the mizen-mast of the Redoubtable. "They have done for me at last," said he to Captain Hardy, as three men raised him from the floor on which he had fallen. "I hope not!" replied Captain Hardy. "Yes," said he, "my backbone is shot through."

On a very slight examination it was evident that the wound was mortal. But, though dying, he was very anxious to know the state of the conflict. "Well, Hardy," said he, "how goes the day with us?" "Very well," replied Hardy; "ten ships have struck." "I am a dead man, Hardy; I am going fast; it will be all over with me soon." Afterwards, when Captain Hardy told him that fourteen or fifteen ships, at least, had struck,—"That's well," exclaimed Nelson,—"but I bargained for twenty." Then, in a more powerful voice, he said, "Anchor, Hardy, anchor!" He also added, in a low tone, a few minutes after, "Don't throw me overboard,—bury me by my parents,—unless the King orders otherwise. Kiss

me, Hardy." Hardy knelt down and kissed his cheek; and the dying hero said, "Now I am satisfied; thank God, I have done my duty!" He repeated this sentiment, and expired.

Nearly 1600 of our sailors and officers perished in this memorable engagement. Twenty sail of the combined fleet struck their flags; but some of them were destroyed—others were buried in the ocean; one got into the harbour of Cadiz; and only four, by the greatest efforts, could be brought home. The Spanish Admiral, Alava, died of his wounds; and the French Admiral, Villeneuve, was brought a prisoner to England, but allowed to return to France, where he died soon after.

Nelson's honours were well deserved. His gallant deeds have been made the theme of scores of eloquent pens, and his death, at a comparatively early age—at the point of duty, which is ever the post of honour—and in the midst of devoted followers, filled all Europe with consternation, and threw a gloom over his native country. "And yet," says his most renowned biographer, the poet Southey, "he cannot be said to have fallen prematurely whose work was done, nor ought he to be lamented who died so full of honours, and at the height of human fame!"

George Stephenson.

THE HEROISM OF PERSEVERANCE.

It has been well and truly said that in England, public appreciation and national gratitude are never entirely withheld from true merit. Recognition may be long in coming; honours may be delayed till they are almost useless to their possessor; wealth may be hard to win, and fame may be slow of foot and weak of voice—but, nevertheless, honour and riches and fame are almost certain, in the end, to reward the efforts of the really original and persevering.

> He who life's battles firm doth stand,
> Shall bear Hope's tender blossoms
> Into the silent land.

The life and career of George Stephenson fully exemplify this fact; forming as they do a brilliant example of the triumphs achieved by perseverance, integrity, and singleness of purpose. Born amid poverty, and surrounded by all that would tend to depress aspiration, this man rose to high honour. His career is, indeed, an example to all boys. It is not given to us all to be generals among men,

but we know that a steady persevering towards any good object is almost certain to result in fame and honour. So it was with him who is the subject of this memoir. He chose a path to fame which had not, indeed, been untrodden, but which was unusual and comparatively unknown. "Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war," and George Stephenson was one of those bloodless conquerors whose names live on the public mind when the achievements of "great captains" are well-nigh forgotten. Watt, Davy, Trevethick, Smeaton, Arkwright, Brunel, and the two Stephensons, George and Robert, father and son—these are the men who, of all others, have made our dear Old England famous for engineering. The steam-engine is our great reformer and civilizer. Steam and Iron are, to modern times and British enterprise, what the mines of Golconda and Potosi were to the lions in the old times.

> "These England's arms of conquest are
> The trophies of her bloodless war—
> Brave weapons these:
> With these she weaves, she spins, she tills,
> Pierces the everlasting hills,
> And spans the seas."

It is not necessary to tell the story of the steam-engine—how, from very rude and simple beginnings, the great idea of making a worker of a tea-kettle—for the steam-boiler is only an enlargement

of this notion—how, from the year 1602, when Mr. Beaumont laid down wooden rails on which to run waggons from his coal-pits to the river-side, to that in which George Stephenson saw the realization of his plans for a locomotive, which should drag loaded carriages across iron rails—how the "idea" has been gradually expanded and improved upon until the railway is now almost universal as a means of locomotion all over the civilized world. We intend, rather, to tell of the boy Stephenson, and what he did as a boy.

To begin, then. George Stephenson, who may be said to be the father of the railway system, was the son of a fireman employed in a coal-mine, at Wylam, about eight miles from Newcastle. Wylam was a poor village, in 1781, the year in which little Geordie was born: it is a poor village still. The father had only about eight or nine shillings a week, and though "a rale canny body," as the Northumbrians say, possessed no peculiar ability or ambition; but the mother of Geordie was a good, thoughtful, pious woman, who determined to bring up her children in the right way. George was one of a large family; but, being a sharp, active little fellow, he soon proved useful to his parents. By his eighth year he was employed in nursing his younger brother, running errands in the village, and doing other useful little jobs in a

handy way. He had small advantages in the way of school education, for, by the time he was nine, he was sent out to mind the cows in the fields at twopence a day! But he had seen the steam-engine at the coal-mine, and was curious to know all about it. Before the cottage door in which he was born, there ran a tram-road, on which the coal waggons were then drawn by horses from the pit to the loading quay. At this early period of his life he divided his time between bird-nesting, making whistles out of reeds and scrannel straws, and erecting Lilliputian mills in the little water streams that ran into Dewley Bog, to which place the family had removed. There can be no doubt that thus early he indicated that which is termed a mechanical genius. His favourite amusement—and this deserves to be noted—was the erection of clay engines, in conjunction with a certain Tom Tholoway. The boys found the clay for their engines in an adjoining bog, and the hemlock that grew about supplied them in abundance with imaginary steam pipes. The place is still pointed out, "just above the cut end," as the people of the hamlet describe it, where the future engineer made his first essays in modelling.

But a rise in life came, with which these occupations were hardly compatible, for George passed from a pastoral into an agricultural sphere, doubling

his wages by undertaking to hoe turnips. Then he was taken on at the colliery as "picker" at sixpence a-day, whence he was advanced to be driver of the gin-horse at eightpence; and there are some old people who even now remember him in that capacity as a "grit barelegged laddie," very quick-witted, and full of fun and tricks. He himself had some misgivings as to his physical dimensions, and was wont to hide himself when the owner of the colliery went round, lest he should be thought too small a boy to earn his small wages. His soul, like Hogarth's volunteer, was higher than his inches, but his fixed ambition was to be an engineman. Great, therefore, was his exultation when, at about fourteen years of age, he was appointed fireman at the wage of one shilling a-day.

From this point his fortunes took him from one pit to another, and procured him rising wages with his rising stature. At Throckley Bridge, when advanced to twelve shillings a-week, "I am now," said he, "a made man for life." At seventeen he shot ahead of old Bob himself, being made an engineman or plugman, while his father remained a fireman. He soon studied and mastered the working of his engine, which soon became a pet with him. Some readers will recall Dickens' description of the man in his "Old Curiosity Shop," who made a companion of the fire he tended, when they

read that the engine Stephenson watched, exerted over him a species of fascination. His greatest privilege was to find some one who could read to him, by the engine fire, out of any book or stray newspaper which found its way into the colliery. Thus he heard that the Egyptians hatched birds' eggs by artificial heat, and he endeavoured to do the same in his engine-house. He also learnt that the wonderful engines of Watt and Boulton were to be found described in books; and with the object of mastering these books, though a grown man, he went to a night school at threepence a week to learn his letters. For fourpence a week he included "figuring," while at the pit he learned the art of *braking* an engine, though not without opposition from a fellow-workman. Braking an engine was one of the highest departments of colliery labour, and when Stephenson was appointed brakesman at the Dolly Pit, and earned nearly twenty shillings per week, he made overtures to one Fanny Henderson, a pretty farm-servant, to share it. At this time, during his leisure hours, he added to his income by making and mending the shoes of his fellow-workmen; and on one occasion he was favoured with the shoes of his sweetheart to sole. Here his heart was in the stitches, and he lingered over his task, carrying the shoes about with him, looking at them from time to time, and exclaiming,

"What a capital job he had made of them!" And a capital job it proved, for he was shortly married to the fair owner, who made him an excellent wife, and brought comfort as her dowry to the cottage which he took for her on Willington Quay. Here his only son, Robert, was born, on the 16th of December, 1803.

Perhaps it might be thought that we have now got rid of the *boy* George Stephenson. Well, not altogether; for the simple, earnest, faithful, inquiring spirit of the boy never left him, even when he became a rich man—the foremost engineer of his day, and the greatest railway promoter in the world.

But he was simultaneously preparing for his life-battle in a different fashion, by modelling experimental machines on winter evenings by the side of his wife; and at the same time he even occupied himself a good deal, as so many other inventors have occupied themselves before him, with attempts to discover perpetual motion. He did not, indeed, neglect labours more practical and immediately profitable. From mending shoes he proceeded to making them, and thence to making shoe lasts, in which business he was very expert, and drove a good trade. From cleaning and repairing his own clock, he also became one of the most famous clock doctors in the neighbourhood. In 1804, he went

to Killingworth, seven miles from Newcastle, and improved in experience and worldly means. Here, however, he had the misfortune to lose his sweet young wife, and his grief nearly drove him to distraction. But faith in God prevailed, and he bowed to the stroke. Soon afterwards he removed to Scotland, on the invitation of the owners of a colliery, to superintend an engine that they were erecting. On his return, he found his father reduced to blindness by an accident, and consequently to poverty. So he paid his father's debts, cheerfully undertook the support of him and his mother, and discharged this filial duty towards them until their death.

He was now earning about one hundred pounds a-year, and had saved nearly one hundred guineas: the guinea was then the current gold coin as the sovereign is now. About 1812 or 1813 he mentioned his grand "idea" of the locomotive, and got laughed at. People do laugh at what they do not understand. But one man, a noble gentleman, named Lord Ravensworth, did not laugh or sneer. He saw what the world was too wise to see—that George Stephenson's "idea" was one that must prevail. So this good nobleman supplied our hero with money to work out his plans, and lived to see them more than realized.

Stephenson, says the clever author of "Bio-

graphical Gems," invented a safety-lamp to be used in coal-pits, about the same time that Sir Humphry Davy produced his, and it is very immaterial to which of these great minds the original discovery belongs, for it is pretty certain that the plan of each was unknown to the other. But the friends of George Stephenson were so sensible of the value of his discovery that he was presented at a public dinner with a tankard containing one thousand guineas.

About 1816, the locomotive engine was receiving attention from various quarters, and several were made, but of very indifferent qualities. George Stephenson made several for conveying coal, which were the best that had yet been seen, and he was employed to construct the Stockton and Darlington Railway, about 1823. This may be called the commencement of the career in which he became so celebrated, and which inseparably connects the name of Stephenson with railways and railway enterprise.

In 1826, what may be termed the great event of his life—the Liverpool and Manchester Railway was projected, and Stephenson was applied to by the promoters of that important undertaking. Now that railways are established in every part of the country, and we wonder how it is possible to manage without them, it is almost impossible to con-

ceive the difficulties and prejudices that assailed the projectors of the first great undertaking of this kind. We call the Liverpool and Manchester the first, because the Stockton and Darlington, and other small railways, had not attracted the notice of the public as conveyances for passengers, and were not known to many persons beyond the districts to which they traversed. So little, indeed, were the advantages of the steam-engine on railroads, or locomotives as they are called, understood at this time, that the most eminent engineers were sent into the north to examine those in use, and to report to the directors of the railway about to be formed, whether it would be better to use the locomotive engines, or to have stationary engines fixed on different parts of the line to pull the carriages along by ropes; and these eminent men, from the best information they could get at that time, recommended that the fixed engines and ropes should be used.

Stephenson was convinced that the locomotive engine was best, and that it was capable of greater excellence than it had yet attained; but he thought it prudent not to mention the extent of his expectations respecting it, for even his friends would probably have been discouraged instead of cheered by his bright hopes, deeming them the delusion of his fancy; and therefore he confined

his promises to the rate of *ten* miles an hour, which he insisted *could* be accomplished. The greatest opposition was manifested; but among the directors he had one or two firm friends, and it was at length determined that a prize of £500 should be offered to the owner of the best carriage that would travel ten miles an hour, drawing its own weight, and not costing above £550. The railway was ready for the experiment in October, 1829, when three engines started for the prize, all made by first-rate engineers; but two of them broke soon after starting; and the "Rocket," which was made by George Stephenson's son and Mr. Booth, a gentleman connected with the railway, carried off the prize, and, what was of much greater importance, established the system of railways, not in this country only, but in the world! Here must have been a gratification for Stephenson, not merely that his plan was proved to be successful, but that his son, the boy for whom he had toiled after his regular day's work was done, that he might become possessed of advantages which he himself had never enjoyed—that his son had requited his love by showing that he valued the privileges his excellent parent had made such struggles to obtain for him, and had made the most excellent use of the knowledge thus acquired, by the success of this first engine. When the

locomotive engine was once established, there was no need to make it slow in its movements, to conciliate prejudices; it was found to travel with ease and safety between twenty and thirty miles an hour, and people began to think it would be very pleasant and convenient to have them in other parts of the country, as well as between Liverpool and Manchester. This line was opened in 1830, and from that time they have rapidly extended throughout England, Scotland, Ireland, America, France, Germany, Holland, Russia, and the West Indies.

The success of the Liverpool and Manchester Railroad soon stimulated other enterprises of a like nature; and it was natural that the parties engaging in them should be anxious to secure the engineer who had so successfully overcome the formidable difficulties which beset the first undertaking. There was one part of the road which perplexed them not a little, and this was a district of waste land, called Chat Moss, the ground being so loose that it seemed to resemble the Slough of Despond, in Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress."

My young readers who live in parts where they can have, indeed, no opportunity of seeing such places, can form a better idea of its nature from the Slough of Despond than from any description. Like that, too, many waggon-loads of good stones

were thrown into it to make it a good firm road, but all to no purpose; they gradually sank beneath the surface, and Chat Moss seemed as if it would so remain. At length a happy thought occurred to the engineers, that if bundles of fagots were thrown down, they would not be dispersed like stones, and would ultimately form a foundation firm enough for a road to be laid on the top. This plan was found to answer the purpose; and railway trains now travel over Chat Moss as safely as over any other part of the line.

Stephenson was now associated with his son in all his undertakings. They laid down, or were otherwise concerned in, most of the principal lines in the kingdom, and were consulted by foreign kings and governments about their railways. They had also a large manufacturing establishment at Newcastle-on-Tyne, where they made locomotive engines and other machines for all parts of the world.

On one occasion, in his later life, George Stephenson met with a gentleman and his wife, who did not know him. They were very much delighted with his company, for he was exceedingly playful in his conversation, though it was full of sound sense. In fact, he never lost his boyish frankness and good-nature. At length the lady became anxious to know the name of the sensible

and unassuming stranger who had entertained them so pleasantly. "Why, madam," replied he, "they used to call me Geordie Stephenson; I am now called George Stephenson, *Esquire*, of Tapton House, near Chesterfield. And further let me say, that I have dined with princes, and peers, and commoners—with persons of all classes, from the highest to the humblest; I have dined off a red herring, when seated in a hedge bottom, and have gone through the meanest drudgery; I have seen mankind in all its phases: and the conclusion I have arrived at is this—that if we were all stripped, there is not much difference."

It is pleasing to notice the frequent and touching allusions made by Stephenson to his early struggles. At a public entertainment at Newcastle, he related some of his early history:—

"The first locomotive that I made was at Killingworth Colliery, and with Lord Ravensworth's money. Yes, Lord Ravensworth and Co. were the first parties that would intrust me with money to make a locomotive engine. That engine was made years ago, and we called it 'My Lord.' I told my friends that there was no limit to the speed of such an engine, provided the works could be made to stand. In this respect great perfection has been reached, and in consequence a very high velocity has been attained. In what has been

done under my management, the merit is only in part my own; I have been most ably seconded and assisted by my son. In the earlier period of my career, and when he was a little boy, I saw how deficient I was in education, and made up my mind that he should not labour under the same defect, but that I would put him to a good school and give him a liberal training. I was, however, a poor man, and how do you think I managed? I betook myself to mending my neighbours' clocks and watches at night, after my labour was done, and thus I procured the means of educating my son. He became my assistant and companion. He got an appointment as under-viewer, and at nights we worked together at our engineering. I got leave to go from Killingworth to lay down a railway at Hetton, and next to Darlington; and after that I went to Liverpool, to plan a line to Manchester. I there pledged myself to attain a speed of ten miles an hour. I said I had no doubt the locomotive might be made to go much faster, but we had better be moderate at the beginning. The directors said I was quite right; for if, when they went to Parliament, I talked of going at a greater rate than ten miles an hour, I should put a cross on the concern. It was not an easy task for me to keep the engine down to ten miles an hour, but it must be done, and I did

my best. I had to place myself in that most unpleasant of all places, the witness-box of a parliamentary committee. I was not long in it, I assure you, before I wished for a hole to creep out.

"I could not find words to satisfy either the committee or myself. Some one inquired if I were a foreigner, and another hinted that I was mad. But I put up with every rebuff, and went on with my plans, determined not to be put down.

"Assistance gradually increased, improvements were made every day; and to-day a train, which started from London in the morning, has brought me in the afternoon to my native soil, and enabled me to take my place in this room, and to see around me many faces which I have great pleasure in looking upon."

During the latter years of his life, Stephenson retired as much as possible from the active pursuit of his profession, and devoted himself, at his beautiful country-seat, near Chesterfield, to rural pursuits. His tastes were of the simplest kind; he liked as well as any boy to go a-nutting and bird-nesting, not for the cruel purpose of robbing the birds, but to watch them; and he carefully guarded those in his own grounds. He engaged himself amongst his cows, and horses, and dogs, his rabbits, and birds; the same energy which had characterized him in overcoming difficulties in

machinery and on railroads, was equally conspicuous in his garden and greenhouse; and he laughingly told his friends that he intended to grow pineapples as thick as pumpkins; and there is no doubt but that to a considerable extent he would have succeeded, for it is seldom that untiring energy and perseverance fail to meet with their reward. But while thus engaged, he was not unmindful of the mental improvement and the comfort of the many people employed in his various works, and was always anxious to promote every plan that would tend to their benefit.

In the midst of these pursuits, and when perhaps he yet calculated on many years of enjoyment, it pleased God to remove him, after a short illness, in the sixty-eighth year of his age. The funeral of the once colliery-boy showed the estimation in which he was held by his neighbours and friends. The business of the town was suspended; the shops were closed for some hours while his remains were being conveyed to their last resting-place; the corporation and the principal inhabitants of the town formed in procession, and hundreds of the neighbouring gentry attended on the occasion.

Thus died George Stephenson, in the year 1849; a brilliant example of the "HEROISM OF BOYHOOD, AND WHAT BOYS HAVE DONE."